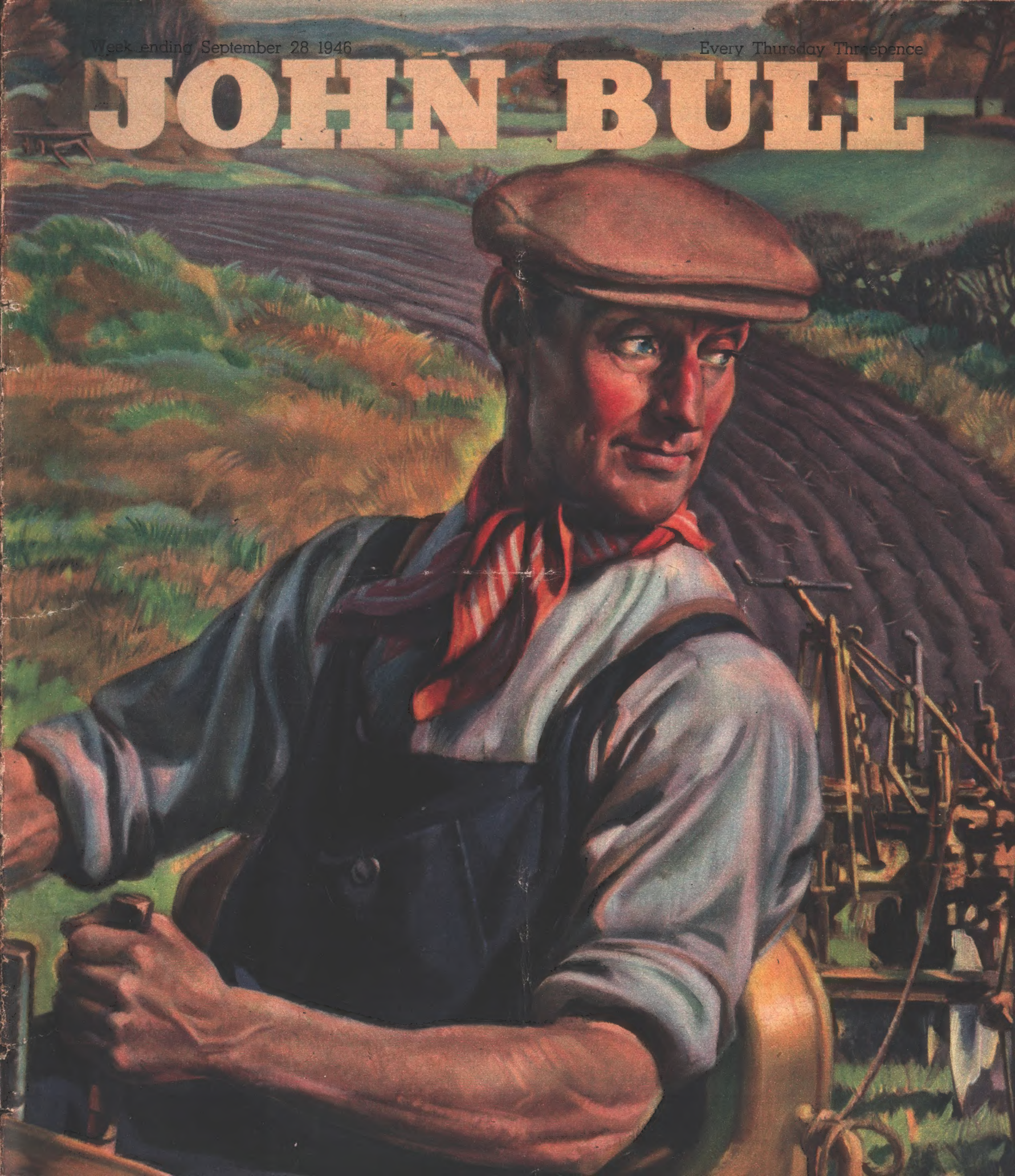
Week ending September 28 1946 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL



WHAT EXPORTS MEAN TO US

The more we send abroad

the more we can bring in

We all want to see the shops full again, and the goods on the shelves for everyone to buy without restriction. What does that depend on? It depends on ships going out all over the world carrying British goods for export. The money we are paid for our exports enables us to buy in the overseas markets the food and raw materials which we lack ourselves. Pottery sent to Canada, for instance, means bacon for us, and wheat and timber. Only by producing and exporting more can we pay for the imports on which our recovery depends.

FILL THE SHIPS and we shall FILL THE SHOPS

Issued by the Board of Trade

Your pet is ready to give you far more than mere cupboard love. But you *do* want him to enjoy his diet *and* keep fit on it. So give him Chappie whenever possible — the meal balanced to the best advantage.

"CHAPPIE" DOG FOOD

1/- A TIN

Good feet — good temper!

Don't neglect your foot troubles. Come to Scholl's and have expert treatment. Callouses and enlarged joints can soon be made comfortable. Weak arches can be corrected. We have branches everywhere.

SCHOLL FOOT COMFORT SERVICE

254 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W1

EXTRA VITAMINS FOR WINTER STRENGTH

A sufficiency of vitamins A and D is one of your body's most natural needs — and never more so than during winter. By taking Crookes Halibut Oil, so rich in these two essential vitamins, you give your system a greater chance to resist infection.

CROOKES HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

Capsules, per bottle of 25, 2/6; 100, 8/6 • Liquid, per phial, enough for 16 days 2/-

Take it from me — Phillips

Rubber Soles and Heels double the life of your shoes!

PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST

For wood, iron, brick or plaster surfaces.

SHERWOODS EST. 1777 **PAINTS**

give you the benefit of wartime research

Sherwoods Paints Ltd., Barking, Essex

DUCHESS SARAH

Wife of the famous Duke of Marlborough. One of the most notable women of the 18th century.

Secretary Sally

Twentieth century from the top of her well-groomed head to the soles of her neatly-shod feet. She's lovely *and* she knows there's bewitching charm in a perfect skin, so she keeps hers gloriously clear, petal-soft and smooth with Snowfire Vanishing Cream. Snowfire Cream is now presented in a lovely new handbag container at 5½d. Also larger sizes.

SNOWFIRE *Vanishing Cream*

The Common Cold

— this may help you

IF you are one of the millions who suffer from colds during the winter, Serocalcin may help you. We do not claim definitely that it will, nor do we pretend that it is infallible. But many thousands of regular users find in Serocalcin the means of successfully preventing and treating colds — and so may you.

Prevention of colds

Two Serocalcin tablets are taken daily for 30 days. In many cases this gives 3 to 4 months immunity from colds.

Treatment of an existing cold

Three tablets are taken three times daily. Commenced in the early stages of a cold this often clears up an attack in 3 or 4 days. Serocalcin is suitable for adults and children.

The immunising course of 60 Serocalcin tablets costs 8/5½d. Treatment pack of 20 tablets — 3/4½d.

SEROCALCIN Regd.

FOR THE PREVENTION & TREATMENT OF COLDS

VELVEX

REGD. TRADE MARK

TOILET PAPER

Now pre-war quality & reduced in price!

PACKETS 1/- ROLLS 1/3

VELVET CREPE PAPER CO. LTD PRODUCT TOILET PAPER TISSUE HANDKERCHIEFS

"*Drene* Shampoo adds lustre to my hair" says *Phyllis Calvert*

Starring in the Gainsborough film "The Magic Bow"

To give your hair new and fascinating lustre, follow the lead of the Stars — use Drene Shampoo and see for yourself how your hair gleams with lovely highlights! Quick to use, Drene leaves hair easy to set right after the shampoo . . . sparkling with health, far more glamorous than ever before. 7½d. and 1/10½d., and an extra large Family Size that will save you money . . . ask your chemist.

drene

THE SHAMPOO OF THE STARS

A 'material' difference

Fine cloth and eight pleats cleverly cut to make the most and the least of your waistline! The new GOR-RAY non-austerity skirt slims and never 'seats'. It's not expensive and the best shops everywhere stock it. Be sure to look for the genuine GOR-RAY label

GOR-RAY Registered

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St W 1

LEMON HART RUM

The Golden Spirit

With Lemon, Orange or Lime A Winner every time!

When sirloins practise *delitescence

Then more's the need for **schweppervescence

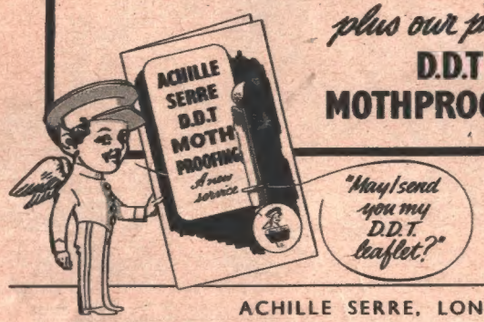
* Delitescence (n) The condition of lying hid, concealment, seclusion. (*Oxford English Dictionary*)

** Schweppervescence (n) The sine qua non of the better Table Waters that will return with Schweppes . . . eventually.

ACHILLE SERRE

Quality Cleaning and Dyeing plus Retex

plus our proven **D.D.T MOTHPROOFING**



ACHILLE SERRE, LONDON, E.17

EVERSHARP TRADE MARK RAZOR

16 Complete with 2 blades

Extra blades 1½d. *each*

Prices include Purchase Tax

"Fine in the Rain"

Your new clothing coupons must last you until February 28th next year. Plan to spend them wisely, remembering that to protect you against the wet and cold of the days ahead there is nothing like a Swallow Raincoat. Fine in the rain, good looking, hard wearing, light yet warm, a Swallow will give you complete weather protection all round the calendar.

SWALLOW

SWALLOW RAINCOATS LTD BIRMINGHAM 19

Ann Todd

BEWITCHING BEAUTY OF NAUGHTY NINETIES ROMANCE

Warner Brothers' new production, "Gaiety George," is a lively, colourful romance of London's theatreland in the Naughty Nineties. As a musical comedy star who marries her producer, irresistible Ann Todd displays a serene loveliness enhanced by her perfect complexion. Of course she uses Lux Toilet Soap for her daily beauty care.

LUX TOILET SOAP

The beauty care for lovely skin —used by 9 out of 10 film stars

TL 1416-255 4d. a tablet A LEVER PRODUCT

FOOT COMFORT

WITH FOOT SMARTNESS

KUMFIT—dual purpose—shoes bring to tired, aching feet, perfect comfort with truly stylish appearance. Made from finest materials, with best leather soles, concealed broadfitting, soft and flexible, they are perfect for indoor and outdoor wear.

KUMFIT TRADE MARK *shoes*

Sizes 3 to 7. Black only. Price **19'5d.**, *plus 7d. postage. (5 coupons.)*

Only obtainable from KUMFIT SHOES, Hacking St., Bury, Lancs.

Dewar's "White Label" SCOTCH WHISKY

Maximum retail prices
25/9 per bottle
13/6 per half-bottle
As fixed by
The Scottish Whisky Assoc.

Och! The THOUGHT of it!

BY APPOINTMENT Australian Wine Merchants TO H.M. THE KING

DOES

A DRY SHERRY PLEASE MORE FROM SPAIN THAN AUSTRALIA?

● Sentiment alone is not why the best from Australia gives more pleasure. The answer is inside the bottle. Good wines are in short supply now, but ask your dealer to list your turn for a bottle of

SIR JOHN'S Empire **SHERRY SACK**

12/6 THE BOTTLE

Grown, shipped and bottled by the EMU WINE CO. LTD., LONDON *Vineyards, Morphett Vale, South Australia.*

E463

Walters'

"Palm" TOFFEE

The Children's Choice

When materials are a common factor, individual craftsmanship becomes all the more important. It is INDIA craftsmanship that builds "The finest tyres made."

INDIA TYRE & RUBBER CO. LTD., INCHINNAN, SCOTLAND

FLAVOUR rings the changes

Flavour and Variety, two important needs for an attractive diet — two points for which DEL MONTE are world famous. In growing, harvesting and canning, each individual DEL MONTE variety receives the special care it needs to develop and hold its rich natural flavour to the full, so to reach you at its glorious best. But DEL MONTE is a treat still in store. Meanwhile, here's a "flavour tip" worth knowing :

A NEW ORANGE JELLY

¾ pt. water ; 3 level tablespoons marmalade ; 2 level tablespoons powdered gelatine.

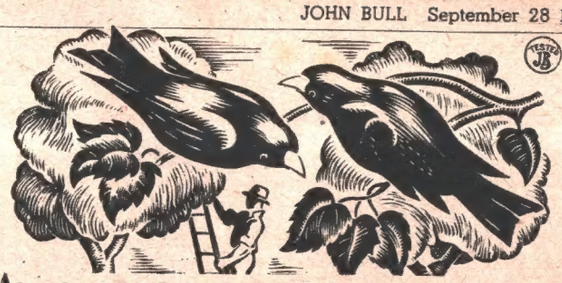
Bring water to boil, add marmalade and stir until dissolved. Pour mixture on to gelatine and stir until gelatine has dissolved. Turn into wetted mould. Leave till cold and set before turning out.

DEL MONTE CANNED FRUITS, ASPARAGUS, ALASKA SALMON, COFFEE, ETC

British Sales Ltd., Adelaide House, London, E.C.4 (UK576F)

Try 'PRIORY' - it's very good TEA

PRIORY TEA & COFFEE CO. LTD
LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM



Ah, who will give us blackbirds the heart to say "Tweet-tweet"! Our finest fruit is stolen; we've nothing nice to eat. Our vegetable banquets have gone to Farrow's fans; the suppers that we sang for are sealed away in cans.

FARROW'S

FOR CHOICE English Canned Fruits and Vegetables

In the middle of it— he turns up!

"But though my hands were grubby, my complexion did me credit — I was sure of that." You're always sure of your looks when you use Icilma. With Icilma Foundation Cream and Face Powder your make-up is smooth and matt and lasts immaculate for hours. It does one a lot of good to know that!

Icilma FOUNDATION CREAM IN JARS 2/2, 10½d

Also Face Powder and Cleansing Cold Cream, both at 2/2 and 10½d

IC 312-943 ICILMA CO. LTD., ISLEWORTH, MIDDLESEX

THE CREAM OF SALAD CREAMS

Said the Celery in the Salad—

"... If a salad cream is sold superior to Suttons, I'd certainly like to see it."

SUTTONS

SALAD CREAM

1/- PER BOTTLE

G. F. Sutton Sons & Co. Ltd., Brandon Road, London, N.7. Makers of Fine Pickles, Sauces and Canned Goods

"We get so used to this business of grumbling"

"THAT'S two buses we've missed," said the lady in brown. "Full up, indeed — well, I'm *fed* up! Fed up with waiting for everything!"

"But, dear — you've just got that electric kettle you've been waiting for, and the people at the Electricity Showrooms have just told you . . ."

"Of course" — the lady in brown brightened up — "we get so used to grumbling about this business of having to be patient, we forget that things *are* picking up."

"Yes! I waited for my husband to be demobbed, and he's back! We waited for our house to be repaired. It's done! And now we're waiting for it to be brought *really* up to date — we're making it an *electric* home."

"Pity more people don't call on the Electricity Showrooms and find out about the things they'll soon have for us — airing cupboards, washers and water-heaters and all that."

Electricity...Wonderful thing!

BRITISH ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION, 2 SAVOY HILL, LONDON, W.C.2

BOTTLED VINEGAR is best for pickling!

and this is the BEST BOTTLED VINEGAR

The new flavour!

IT'S SPREADING EVERYWHERE!

Benergy

APPETISING! SATISFYING!

1/6 NETT 8 OZS

Compare the value!

Made by BENGER'S Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire

No sooner VIM than done!

Because VIM is the speediest cleanser 8d per canister

V 155B-943 *Selling Agents: Hudson & Knight Limited*

GREAT NEWS! always in quality street now in Every street

Mackintosh's 'Quality Street' ASSORTMENT

John Mackintosh & Sons Ltd., Toffee Town, Halifax

JOHN BULL September 28 1946 Volume 80 Number 2102 186 High Holborn London WC1 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

TOWARDS A SANE FOOD POLICY

by THE EDITOR

IT IS UNFORTUNATELY only too typical of the world today that the Copenhagen meeting of the United Nations' Food and Agricultural Organization got very little publicity, and seems to have made practically no impression on people's minds.

The latest storms at the Paris Peace Conference; the American argument about what Mr. Wallace meant—these were the international news items that held the headlines.

Yet history may prove what was happening in Copenhagen, at about the same time, to have been of far greater importance than anything that has happened, or may happen, in Paris or Washington.

For, after considerable discussion, the sixteen nations represented on the Food and Agricultural Organization agreed in principle on the establishment of a world Food Board. The details have still to be worked out, of course, and the question of whether Russia and the Argentine will come in is still doubtful.

But the fact is that Sir John Boyd Orr, as Director-General of F.A.O., won his point and achieved agreement on his visionary idea of a world organization with power to buy surplus food stocks in times of glut and sell them at reasonable prices when and where they are needed to avert scarcity or famine.

We hope this is the beginning of a sane food policy, founded in plain common sense.

Having once taken root, the idea of the world Food Board must not be allowed to wither away and die in the unfriendly international atmosphere.

It should be followed as soon as possible by other national and international measures to put the whole business of regulating and distributing food supplies on a sensible basis.

THEY NEED MORE THAN MONEY

THIS IS THE WEEKEND for which several millions of old people have waited through many a harsh and painful year.

The new Old Age Pensions, while indeed bestowing no life of luxury, will at least save nearly three millions of them from hopeless poverty.

For many more pensioners there will be a smaller improvement in income. And for perhaps 400,000 there will be merely a change in the formalities necessary to get the same amount.

In spite of these different gradings and benefits, the total gain in human happiness will be enormous, and their fellow citizens will not grudge the old people its extra cost.

But there is more to the relief of old age than mere money, and therefore much more to be done than mere raising of pensions.

Official investigations which preceded the new pensions revealed, for example, that 200,000 old couples lived alone, and that, sadder still, aged bachelors, spinsters, widows and widowers are sometimes left friendless and alone.

Our social insurance system, in conjunction with our building and manpower programmes, should therefore envisage a great extension and improvement of the present almshouses.

There should be colonies designed specially for old people, with suitable small houses and flats, communal restaurants, reading rooms and nursing facilities, perhaps even cinemas and other amenities.

This is the only way to abolish *both* the bogies of old age—poverty and loneliness.

DENTISTS IN REVOLT

THE DENTISTS want more money for treating their panel patients. Their negotiating body, the Dental Benefit Council, decided that the pre-war fees should be doubled.

The Minister of National Insurance refused this. But the dentists claim that Mr. Griffiths has no right to overrule the negotiated award.

Since they cannot agree, you may, from next Monday, have to pay your own dentist's fee, even if you are a panel patient, because your dentist may refuse to accept the official payment.

This is an absurd situation which neither the dentists nor Mr. Griffiths should tolerate. Ten thousand dentists *can* be wrong, and so can the Minister of National Insurance.

Let them get together and settle this dispute quickly if not amicably. The public simply does not deserve to suffer from the effects of yet another failure to settle between a sectional interest and a national policy.

And when the public is represented by a man with an aching tooth or a child in need of preventive treatment, the injustice becomes monstrous.

There must be a settlement—and a settlement which should be in the public interest.

ILL WIND FOR THE SAPLING

BIGGER PAPERS

INCREASED SUPPLIES of newsprint have at last ended the period of extreme austerity in journalism.

We welcome this because the free publication of all the news—and as many aspects of it as possible—is essential to modern democracy.

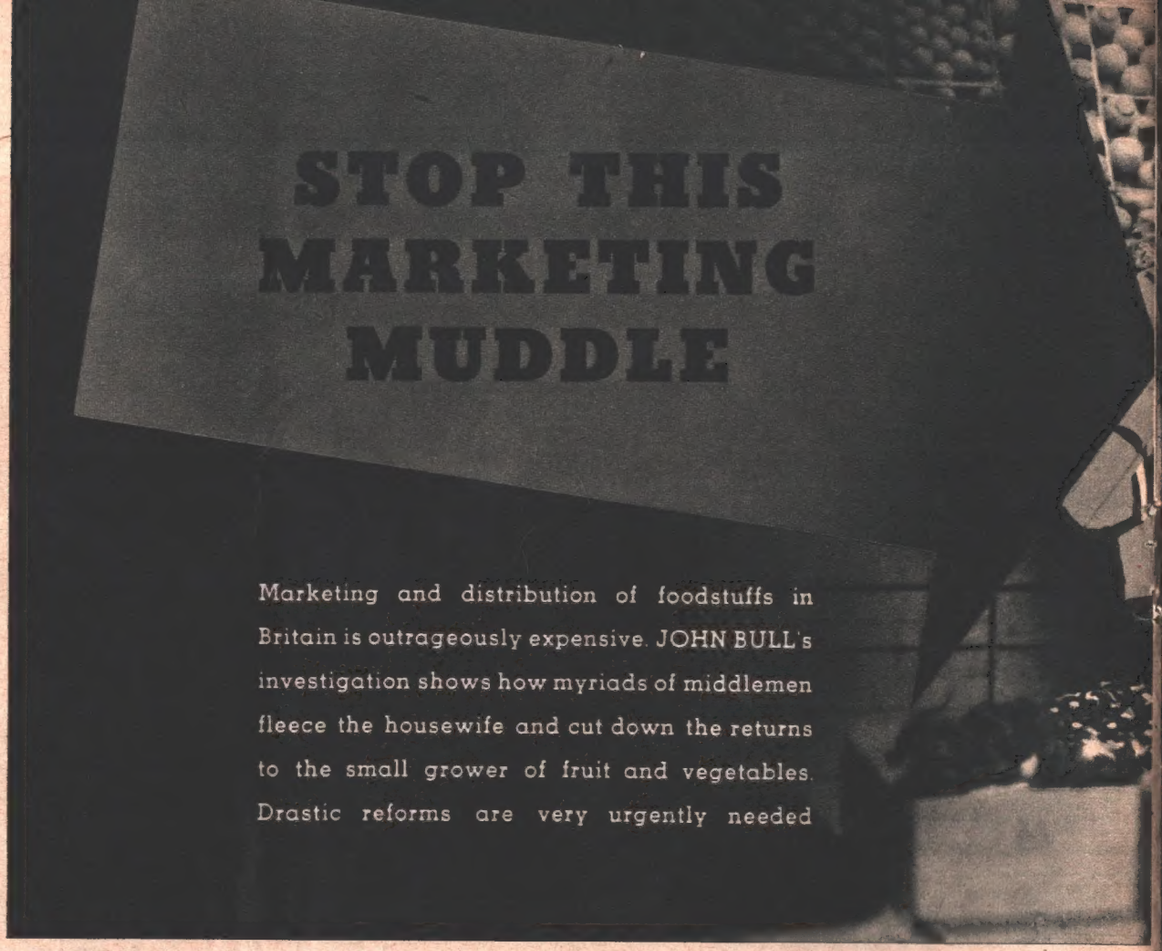
We hope that more newsprint will mean the freer discussion of every question that affects the British people, politically and otherwise.

JOHN BULL will itself benefit from the relaxation of restrictions although, in common with other weekly periodicals, we will not be able to take advantage of the increased supplies until the beginning of November.

To the great body of over one million families who already buy JOHN BULL, we promise a bigger and still better paper—with extra pages and more features—from the first issue in November.

At this stage, unfortunately, we shall be unable fully to satisfy the demand for extra copies. A limited number of additional copies will be available for new readers, particularly those whose names are already on newsagents' waiting lists. Others anxious to take JOHN BULL regularly should place their orders at once. But we ask our present readers to continue to help us, where necessary, by sharing their copies with friends.

STOP THIS MARKETING MUDDLE



Marketing and distribution of foodstuffs in Britain is outrageously expensive. JOHN BULL's investigation shows how myriads of middlemen fleece the housewife and cut down the returns to the small grower of fruit and vegetables. Drastic reforms are very urgently needed

WORLD FOOD NEWS takes little time to reach the front page. But few people appreciate how serious a situation is developing in food distribution here at home.

Briefly, this is what is happening week by week.

Produce—especially such essential foods as fruit and vegetables—is leaving the grower at rock-bottom prices and reaching the shop windows at sky-high rates.

What is happening in the intermediate stages to set prices rocketing? Why should both producer and consumer be complaining bitterly that they are getting a raw deal?

JOHN BULL's investigators have been making an overall survey of the marketing and distribution of these foodstuffs. They have reached a conclusion which is shared by every honest member of the trades and businesses involved:

I ...t a searching official inquiry into the whole journey of food from producer to consumer is years overdue.

A vast army of middlemen has come into being, increasing the stages through which food passes from producer to consumer.

Marketing and distribution of all foodstuffs is outrageously expensive.

But the marketing muddle is seen in sharpest focus when considering vegetables and fruit.

Who Makes the Profits?

Before the war we were spending £84,000,000 on these commodities. Last year we spent £138,000,000—an increase of almost seventy-five per cent.

Yet we received less vegetables and fruit in bulk and our choice was miserably restricted compared with pre-war days.

It might seem that the farmer and market-gardener are raking in the profits. They are not. Recently a Lincolnshire farmer had to plough in 100,000 good cabbages for want of a market that would show him enough profit to cover labour costs in growing and lifting them.

In Bedfordshire, fields of peas were wasted because it did not pay the grower to have them picked and offered for sale. Acres of lettuces have been left to rot for the same reason.

Yet, in the towns and cities, housewives were queueing for cabbages, peas and lettuces—and grumbling at the high prices.

In a crazy world, this seems to reach a new low in lunacy.

That Lincolnshire farmer usually sells through a central market such as Covent Garden. He sends his produce there "on spec." Retailers buy what they want, and pay on the spot.

The wholesaler who first receives the produce is thus simply a commission man who takes ten per cent for doing little more than make an entry in a ledger.

But the system isn't always as direct as this.

Sometimes the wholesaler sells again to a "secondary wholesaler." So that, by the time the cabbages reach your local grocer, you have to pay (a) the grower, (b) the wholesaler, (c) the secondary wholesaler, (d) the retailer.

Nor is this the beginning and end of the ramifications of food distribution.

Many big marketeers in London and the provinces have their own farms in the names of nominees. Others have arrangements with the larger type of farmer to buy up his entire crop of fruit and vegetables. They regulate, as far as possible, its release according to the demand and the state of the "season."

The whole system ensures that vegetables reach the shops when prices and demand are highest—and they have a way of disappearing when the smaller farmers' deliveries begin to create a glut.

It will be seen that two persons are always hardest hit—the small grower and the housewife.

The small grower, unless he has some private arrangement, usually pays for the cost of transport to London or other markets. Otherwise the cost is deducted from his final cheque.

Here are some actual instances of the almost unbelievable state of the market machinery.

One hundred and fifty cases of cabbages arrived at Paddington Goods Depot. A night train had brought them up from Cornwall and they were addressed to one of Covent Garden's best-known distributors. They were duly delivered.

But by the time the cabbages reached Covent Garden, the market had no local use for them. So they were taken back to Paddington, unloaded, and reloaded into the next goods train for Oxford.

Producer Pays Costs

Fortunately the produce was marketed there. But by this time two things had happened.

1. Thanks to all this chopping and changing the cabbages appeared at a higher price in the shop windows.

2. The Cornish farmer was obliged to face such incidental charges as "warehousing," "commission," "ruling price," "deterioration," "sales transport and distribution costs."

Add to these the cost of two rail journeys (one of more than two hundred miles, the other of sixty-four), and the London lorry journeys—and his profit was smaller than his most pessimistic calculations.

Why didn't he sell out locally for the best possible price?

Because there are so many farms in his area that output is too large for local demands. He took the risk—and he still must take it if he wants to keep in business—of a Covent Garden deal.

An Essex farmer recently sent young cabbages, packed in forty-five-pound sacks — to the same market on a "take it or leave it" basis. They were offered at four shillings a sack, out of which the grower had to pay rail charges and commission. Yet that very day young cabbages were selling at fivepence a pound in the shops. And the farmer finally received a cheque that was not worth his outlay.

Once again the middlemen, their salesmen and agents, had pulled off a brisk stroke at the expense of both the grower and the consumer.

Instances could be multiplied in every part of the country. At Liverpool, for example, housewives have been paying elevenpence or a shilling each for cabbages grown locally—at Wirral, Cheshire. Yet the grower received a sum which represented one halfpenny for each cabbage.

In many areas, peas have been marketed by farmers at ninepence for a forty-pound bag. Yet shoppers were asked ninepence a pound for them.

It is estimated that an average crop of peas fetches, with present-day distribution charges, £100 per consignment. Out of this the grower gets roughly less than twenty-five per cent.

To trace the growth of the multiplicity of middlemen and duplication of distributors, it is necessary to go back to the aftermath of the first World War. In 1921 imports of fruit and vegetables amounted to £500,000,000. There was no price control, and many financiers, middlemen and agents, seeing that a large slice of this sum could be obtained for themselves, went into business.

A very profitable state of affairs developed in Covent Garden and in the provincial markets of Manchester, Liverpool, Cardiff, Birmingham, Glasgow, and other centres. Market supplies became privately regulated. Our own farmers, with the glut of foreign vegetables held like a pistol to their heads, were forced to sell at whatever miserable price was offered or let their produce rot and lose everything.

The number of middlemen grew. At last the victimized farmers raised protests and a committee was set up to examine the whole business.

It found that "muddled methods" and "unfair effects" enabled influential middlemen to make exorbitant profits. It examined witnesses from farms, markets, retail shops and multiple combines,

In every big market, the middlemen are busy buying and selling, increasing the gap between the grower and the housewife

and proved from evidence that, between the grower and the public, there were often as many as six intermediaries. In some cases there were sixteen to twenty different handlings.

Nothing was done. So, today, after the second World War the position is well pin-pointed by the following figures, giving a summary of some main disparities between the price of vegetables at Covent Garden (typical of all big central markets) and what you have to pay the local greengrocer.

	Covent Garden	Retailer
Vegetable marrows ...	14s. a doz.	30s. a doz.
Peas	1½d a lb.	6d. a lb.
Broad beans	2d. a lb.	6d. a lb.

Another feature of the great marketing muddle is found in ministries which work at cross-purposes.

A Suffolk farmer a few weeks ago had 500 dozen lettuce in excellent condition. He had been inspired to cultivate the lettuce by a Ministry of Agriculture circular which urged growers to maintain an early production of lettuce.

Yet, when the lettuces were ready for the market, this grower could not get a quotation which would repay him for his trouble.

The reason was that, in April of this year, the Ministry of Food had imported 103,000 cwt. of Dutch lettuce at a cost of £552,000. The home markets were flooded with lettuce and the Suffolk grower—like many more—had to plough in his crop.

The position with fruit is as muddled. Fruit costs the public more, yet the grower is often being paid much less than in pre-1939 days.

When a crop of plums was marketed in the north of England not long ago, the grower received 23s. 4d. a cwt. The first wholesaler received 28s. 7d.—a jump of more than twenty per cent. The plums then went to a second wholesaler who received 32s. 8d.—another fourteen per cent. Finally the retailer sold them at 56s. a cwt.

Strawberries, which in 1938 brought the grower one shilling a pound now fetch ninepence halfpenny, though they are priced at one shilling and fourpence in the shops. Gooseberries—threepence halfpenny retail before the war—are retailed at sixpence now. Yet the grower gets a halfpenny a pound less than his pre-war figure.

Worcester apple-growers once queued up in a despairing attempt to persuade a market buyer to pay a shilling a "pot"—which is a trade term for seventy-two pounds—in some districts.

One grower sent five pots to a Midlands market on speculation. The apples were sold, but he received a bill showing that, finally, he owed 2s. 3d. for carriage.

And so it goes on. The public is bled white and the producer is disheartened.

You may be saying, "But isn't there a controlled price for fruit and vegetables?"

There is. To control the price of fruit and vegetables the Ministry of Food appoints what are known as "Price Fixing Committees."

But sitting on these committees are members of the fruit and vegetable trade, engaged by the Ministry in administrative posts. Advising, too, are market representatives who supply what are supposed to be the minimum figures on which the elaborate—and, as JOHN BULL believes, unnecessarily complicated—machinery of distribution can operate.

Gap Is Widening

However much the various Ministries may protest that distribution and marketing is worked out only after full consultation with the trade, it remains an inescapable fact that present-day distribution is widening, not reducing the gap between the grower and the housewife.

And is "the trade" likely to be zealous in removing a chain of go-betweens which forces up the prices stage by stage and provides a living for so many middlemen that might be better, if less remuneratively employed elsewhere?

Tom Smith, M.P., who has so stoutly championed the cause of the farm worker, is continually raising in the House of Commons the question of why the consumer has to pay so much for foodstuffs in comparison with the fat profits that go to wholesalers, distributors and retailers.

"It seems to me," said Tom Smith not long ago, "that fruit and vegetable distribution needs a severe surgical operation."

What, then, is to be done about this problem which affects every person who is reading these words?

Four years ago, Tom Williams, M.P., said: "Distribution is far too costly and a radical reduction must be made. That would enable the farm worker to receive a reasonable wage without the consumer paying excessive prices for foodstuffs." He went on: "It is the duty of society to insist on efficient distribution."

It is to be hoped Tom Williams holds those views today. He's now Minister of Agriculture, a position not entirely of impotence when it comes to tackling the present unholy mess.

Ministry Must Act

It becomes apparent that no reform can be expected from within the trade itself.

But the Ministry of Food can do what it did with the meat and fish trades—divide the country into areas and enable farmers to find reasonable markets within their own boundaries.

To this end we need a central marketing organization which can co-ordinate activities of all markets throughout the country. Supplies could then be diverted where they are most needed.

In addition the Ministry should encourage new producers' co-operatives. Many of these exist already and some have a turnover of more than half a million a year. They collect, store, grade, pack and distribute produce, have established processing and dehydration plants—and are always ready with advice to individual growers.

Such co-operatives would knock out the unnecessary middlemen and discourage excessive profit-making by the wholesalers.

They need in no sense aim at the elimination of the small greengrocer. A producers' co-operative is primarily concerned with helping its members to sell their goods. So obviously the small shopkeeper has a vital part to play as an adjunct to the co-operatives.

Additionally, the Ministry might control distribution through municipalities, for most of our big markets are today owned by local authorities. Area Marketing Boards might be called in to control their own districts and greater use might be made of War Agricultural Committees and local Farmers' Co-operative Associations in ensuring a square deal for grower and consumer.

JOHN BULL draws especial attention to the fruit and vegetable marketing muddle because this presents a clear-cut case for revision and reform. This does not mean to say that similar reorganization is not needed in the distribution of other forms of foodstuffs.

The T.U.C. is likely to take sharp notice of the position. At its annual meeting next month Alfred Dann, the agricultural workers' secretary, will table a resolution calling on the Government for a "drastic reorganization of the marketing and distribution of agricultural products in the interests of both producers and consumers."

The overriding, imperative need, is to sweep away the parasites who grow rich on what should be a swift and simple transition of things to eat to the people who want to eat them.

Certain middlemen there must always be. But it is high time to streamline them into a correct relationship to the whole structure of distribution.

PRIVATE VIEW OF

EDITH SUMMERSKILL

PERENNIAL CRUSADER

"WE WANT TO ESTABLISH feminine values in the world; our whole society is based on masculine values."

The voice of a woman who has taken up the cry of Pankhurst, the words of a wife and mother, the clear, rasping tones of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, indignant, redhaired Dr. Edith Clara Summerskill, M.P.

Twenty-two years ago, as a fledgling doctor, she set out to specialize in women and children as patients. She applied iodine and bandages, touched up sore throats and wrote prescriptions. She delivered babies and advised on matrimonial problems.

Her work took her into the heart of the city, through squalid streets and into lightless homes, and there she came into contact with the strangest anachronism of modern times, the continuing inequality of women.

Edith Summerskill never turned aside from medicine. She stepped past it into the more hectic and emotional arena of politics, feminism, travelling and pamphleteering in the interests of her sex.

In time, no doubt, the impact of all her words, facts and statistics will be felt. It takes time to wear a doorstep thin, but wear it will, and Summerskill pegs away dauntlessly.

ALREADY, she has had her moments — election triumphs and, of course, the success of her own W.H.D.

After Dunkirk, Summerskill had organized a body of women to fight for their homes and called it the Women's Home Defence. Her home defenders wore no uniforms but they were pledged to resist the Germans with their all, with wiles, subterfuge and bread knives, with tooth and nail.

"After pressing successive Ministers of War," she writes, "the W.H.D. was finally accepted as an auxiliary of the Home Guard."

It was a great day for Summerskill.

She still practises as a doctor, but it's merely to keep her hand in, professionally, so to speak, and to maintain constant touch with all classes of people. She likes to know what they are thinking.

The best way to find out is to go into their homes and talk to them, particularly if they're in sickness and trouble. With medical science to aid her, Summerskill learns about their bodies. A woman's intuition guides her to their hearts and being an amateur psychiatrist she can guess her way into their minds.

By force of habit she looks at a person through the eyes of a doctor, whether it happens to be the Prime Minister or the housekeeper's little daughter who plays in her back garden. It's a trifle terrifying, this analytical and dispassionate appraisal. One fidgets. One's afraid to shoot a line.

In cold print the following attributes sound frightening: Summerskill is effective, efficient, impressive, infallible; her approach to living is scientific and she will have you plan a family by getting down to a conference and working out the details; her psychic chassis is trim, all nuts and bolts tightened, no jagged edges; she has an orderly mind and demands for testimony, facts, facts, facts.

BEFORE a speech she spends hours on research and the swotting of her facts. Yet, under the strain of enthusiasm and emotion, she has been known to overstate her case and embarrass the Ministry of Food, to say the least.

But behind all that is—a woman.

In 1925 she married Dr. E. Jeffrey Samuel, after what she described as a courtship in a lunatic asylum.

He is in practice now, and during the war served as a psychiatrist in the Army.

They have two children. Michael, aged eighteen, and Shirley, aged fourteen. Michael is in the Intelligence Corps and stationed at Canterbury.

Shirley Summerskill—her name was changed by deed poll—is spending her holiday with a family in Fontainbleu, and during the present Parliamentary recess her mother slips into a bathing costume of an afternoon and spreads her five feet nine and a half inches on a garden seat in the sun.

Summerskill swears by sunlight. "I can't understand people who don't know the aspect of their houses," she says. "In other words, which way it faces. Do *you* know the aspect of *your* house?"

The Samuel-Summerskill household at Highgate Village is, in fact, a temple to the sun. There is so much light it is quite impossible to be depressed and, as there isn't the smallest crevice anywhere in which a germ could hide, it is probably also impossible to be infected.

SHE has slapped down a whole wall of the living-room to let in the southern sun and, as the dining-room faces north, she makes her own sunlight for dinner by floodlighting plastic curtains of the french window and diffusing the glow through a gauze screen.

Number One, Fitzroy Park, was once featured in *Ideal Home*. It is the mirror of Summerskill's personality, with absolutely no loose ends at all, reflecting æsthetic values and the purity of streamline.

Nowhere is to be seen an object, utensil or adornment that doesn't perform a function. Because her husband smokes a lot his pipes are in the living-room, cleaned and sterile, and there are ashtrays everywhere.

The furniture is blue and the walls are surgical white. There are pouffes to take the weight off your feet, and bookshelves are devoted to medicine, psychiatry and feminism.

Lately, however, Edith Summerskill has acquired a new interest—eight hens. Unfortunately they are not laying according to plan and the reason, she suspects, is because her husband keeps annoying them.

"Leave them alone," she rebukes. "They're women and they mustn't be fussed!"

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

English

ENGLISH IS NOW BY FAR the most widely used language in the world. It is the current tongue of more than 200,000,000 people in the British Empire and the United States, and probably several more millions know it slightly. It is known to most educated Germans, Dutch and Scandinavians. In its pidgin form ("pidgin" being the Chinese corruption of "business") it is the *lingua franca* of all Malaysia and the China coast.

★ ★ ★

Yet a hundred and fifty years ago English ran fourth in the list to Russian, French and German, in that order. In 1600 there were only about 5,500,000 English speakers; and as recently as 1850 no more than 51,000,000.

★ ★ ★

In origin and structure it is a Teutonic tongue, belonging to the Low German group, its nearest relatives being Frisian, Dutch and Flemish.

★ ★ ★

Some of the most sonorous passages in our literature are made up almost entirely of Teutonic words. Anyone knowing French or Latin can test this on the Lord's Prayer. He will find only five words of Latin origin—*trespass, temptation, deliver, power* and *glory*.

★ ★ ★

But there is an enormous Latin element in our vocabulary. It came in from Norman French (mostly before 1350), Parisian French and learned Latin. Some words were borrowed twice, at different stages, like *gentle* and *genteel, dragon* and *dragoon*. The first-mentioned, being the earlier, have thrown the accent back to the first syllable in typical English fashion.

★ ★ ★

The strength and resilience of English as a literary language arise largely from copious borrowings from almost every known civilized tongue. Different shades of meaning in "doubles" make it specially expressive. *Boyish* (Teutonic) is very different from *puerile* (Latin) and *kingly* (Teutonic) from *royal* (Latin).

★ ★ ★

Most words from French gradually become anglicized in pronunciation, but not all. It still seems vulgar to pronounce the "t" of *valet* (though Oxford sanctions it) or the "s" of *debris*. Many people still jib at "garridje," though the B.B.C. adopted it some time ago. *Prestige* and *rouge, trait* and *mirage*, roughly keep their French sounds. *Envelope* has two pronunciations, one an attempt at the French.

★ ★ ★

Some famous men of letters were word-creators, and there is often a strange kinship between word and works. Note *hallucination* and *antediluvian* (Sir Thomas Browne); *gloom* and *Satanic* (Milton); *bored* and *blasé* (Byron); *colonial, diplomacy, financial* (Burke); *gruesome* and *glamour* (Scott); *environment* and *decadent* (Carlyle).

★ ★ ★

C. K. Ogden's Basic English is a boiling-down of our vocabulary to 850 words; not, of course, to replace normal English, but to act as an easily-learnt international language.

★ ★ ★

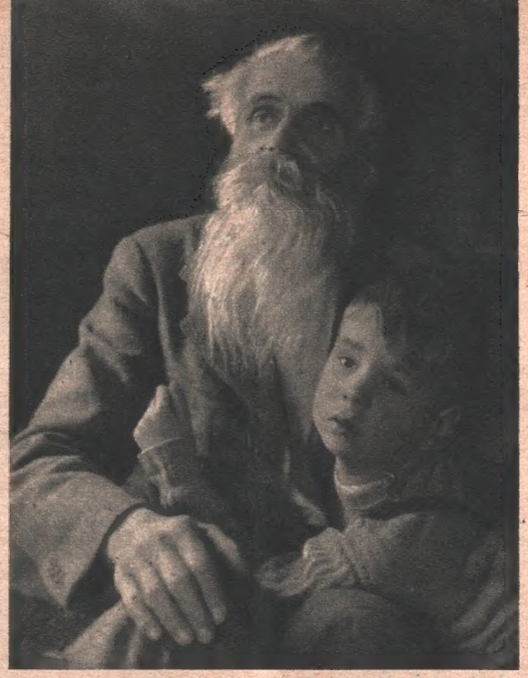
Quisling, first used with a small "q" by *The Times*, is the latest coinage from a proper name. These are not uncommon, and include *dunce, boycott, amp, ohm* and *volt, brougham, sandwich, chesterfield, hansom*.

★ ★ ★

War just ended brought in far fewer words than that of 1914-1918. Most famous importation, *blitz*, has already transferred its meaning. Originally part of *Blitzkrieg*, "lightning war," it was quickly adopted to describe a heavy air attack, and now a burst of energy.

★ ★ ★

Ours is the only language to have dropped the gender of nouns (with a few unimportant exceptions). This utterly useless device is a great burden on the memory in learning other languages, for adjectives, possessive pronouns and articles have to agree.



Paul Geheeb, seventy-five years old educationalist, established a school in Switzerland for children who suffered under Nazi rule. No believer in beating, he maintains discipline by "reason and unselfishness"

THEY'VE BURNED THEIR CANES

Thrashing of children in German schools has been banned as a relic of Nazism, but we still beat our own youngsters. It's degrading, unnecessary and should be stopped

says DAVID COLVIN

BOYS AND GIRLS of a Bavarian school were laughingly asking the caretaker the other week when the bonfire was to be lit. For Bavaria is burning its canes. One more relic of Nazism is being eradicated from German schools. But Britain lags behind.

When Lady Astor criticized Soviet education, Stalin won the last word by retorting with horror: "But in Britain you *beat* children!"

Not only Stalin, but thousands of educationalists and teachers in other countries, are puzzled by the continued life of the cane in British schools. The sixteen Soviet Republics, Finland, and two American States, have made corporal punishment illegal in all schools; while France, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Belgium, Italy, Jugoslavia, China, Brazil, the Netherlands, Japan, and several others, have abolished it in State schools.

Yet a "conservative estimate," based on a sampling of the punishment books of schools in England and Wales, would show that each week some 9,750 boys and 3,750 girls hold out their hands for some 80,000 strokes of the cane or strap; and 5,250 boys and 1,250 girls share 40,000 strokes with cane, slipper or strap "not on the hands."

In Scottish schools at least 4,500 boys and 1,500 girls have some 50,000 strokes every week.

Few people appreciate how widespread is the use of the cane, tawse and slipper in our schools.

Corporal punishment is more common in the north of England than in the south; and in Scotland more than in England. In many Scottish towns every school still has a tawse, and in few towns have more than forty per cent abandoned it.

Although the number of canes ordered by L.C.C. headmasters and mistresses for this term was only thirty per cent of their requirements twenty years ago, one boy in 300 and one girl in 900 are still caned in London County Council schools. The proportion is much higher in private schools. Three-quarters of the girls' schools in some English towns were stated last June to use the cane.

Nor is caning always confined to junior schools. Westcliff High School, Southend, for boys aged twelve to eighteen, has just introduced "slippering" by prefects. Girls at a secretarial school, in 1944, "were caned for coming in late, for mistakes in spelling," and other offences.

'Teen Agers Beaten

Two boys, aged sixteen and seventeen, were expelled from Poole (Dorset) Grammar School because they refused to submit to a caning for smoking (*Sunday Express*).

Many boarding schools continue to use corporal punishment for pupils in their 'teens. At a Sussex boarding school earlier this year, a seventeen-year-old girl was given the slipper for going out to post a letter without permission, and another girl, aged fifteen and a half, was caned for using cosmetics.

Foreign teachers are amazed by advertisements such as that in *Teachers' World*, in February, 1946, offering for sale "punishment canes of excellent quality, with grip," and to make "birch-rods to order." A typical advertisement of July, 1944, was for canes, 41½ in. by ¾ in., priced at 5s. for three, or 16s. for a dozen.

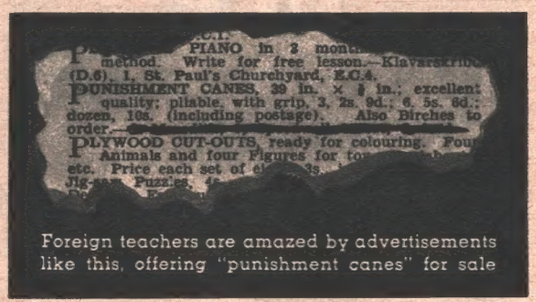
Officially, the Ministry of Education *advises* teachers not to use corporal punishment. Since 1931, it has recommended that the cane be outlawed from girls' schools; and since 1937, from boys' schools. But the Ministry resists any proposal to make corporal punishment illegal.

As long ago as 1863 a Bill to abolish corporal punishment in schools was rejected because of Governmental opposition.

In February, 1935, the Government was asked by Mr. Tom Smith, Normanton's Labour M.P., to accept the premise that the caning of girls "can no longer be justified."

The Board of Education replied that caning of girls should remain "within the discretion of the school authorities."

Mr. P. Freeman, Labour M.P. for Newport, suggested to the Minister of Education in July of this year that she abolish corporal punishment for both boys and girls. Miss Ellen Wilkinson, herself once a teacher, said that corporal punishment should be left to the discretion of the school authorities. "I believe discretion to be wisely exercised," she added.


PIANO in 2 months
method. Write for free lesson.—Klavarscribo
(D.6), 1, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4.
PUNISHMENT CANES, 30 in. × ½ in., excellent
quality; pliable, with grip, 3, 2s. 9d.; 6, 5s. 6d.;
dozen, 10s. (including postage). Also Birches to
order.
PLYWOOD CUT-OUTS, ready for colouring. Four
Animals and four Figures for
etc. Price each set of
Jig-saw Puzzles,

Foreign teachers are amazed by advertisements like this, offering "punishment canes" for sale

Although the abolition of corporal punishment was pioneered by nineteenth-century girls' schools, some observers consider that the use of the cane, strap and slipper is declining more rapidly in boys' than in girls' schools.

"Corporal punishment may even be increasing in girls' schools," is the opinion of one North London headmistress. "Several headmistresses known to me reintroduced it during the war. Not only do parents often ask for the cane to be used; but many teachers believe that to give a girl a moderate spanking causes less interference with her school work and recreation than detention."

Girls—but, oddly enough, rarely boys—frequently endorse this view. A South Kensington Youth Fellowship voted unanimously, in March, 1936, for "the retention and extension of corporal punishment." The girls thought that the cane should replace "such stupid punishments as 'lines' and being kept in." They preferred to "get it over quickly."

A few psychologists agree. The vice-principal of a teachers' college, and an expert on training "difficult" children, told teachers: "If a child is made to understand clearly the justice of it, and that he deserves it, it is far better to whack him than to continue with a persistent nagging."

Nevertheless, the overwelming majority of educational experts are against corporal punishment, because it gives the boy or girl a wrong conception of society. A school discipline which appeals to violence cannot teach children the co-operative ideals of good citizenship, but only blind obedience.

Nor can educationalists agree that the cane is ever necessary to maintain discipline. The belief that large classes are responsible for the retention of corporal punishment is a fallacy. London and other cities have plenty of classes of forty or more pupils which have abolished the cane, while many of the schools using the cane or strap have less than thirty boys or girls in a class.

Psychiatrists and doctors have a strong case against the cane. They know that with sensitive schoolchildren, caning has a disastrous psychological effect. For instance, the *News Chronicle* reported in 1938 that when an "adorable girl" of twelve was caned by an Aldershot headmistress, she behaved like a "mad child," running into the centre of the road and holding up traffic.

A ten-year-old Ilford boy was so upset at being caned by a woman teacher, in September, 1938, that a doctor ordered him to stay in bed for three or four days (London *Star*).

Two or three girls given a public thrashing by their headmaster, in 1943, were so agitated that they lost control of the bladder (*Children's Charter*).

In 1938, having been caned for talking in class, three Workington boys, aged eight, ten and eleven, overturned desks, threw inkwells against the walls, smashed vases, burnt library books and broke up chairs (*News Chronicle*). Caned for being rude, in 1933, a twelve-year-old Norfolk girl "ran about like a maniac" and refused to return to school (*Daily Mirror*).

Love of Cruelty

Besides its bad psychological effect on sensitive children, psychiatrists have another objection to corporal punishment. They point to the intimate relationship between flagellation and sex. When teachers are allowed to cane, there is the risk that men and women with sadistic tendencies will gravitate towards those schools where they may satisfy their craving for cruelty.

Before the war, police raided a house in Dover Street, London, and found canes, birches and straps. Young women on the premises had been caned and birched for erotic purposes. Do we know in how many cases this tendency to perversion was stimulated by early experience in schools which retain the cane and birch?

Shortly before the war, it was reported in the *Daily Telegraph* that a Bachelor of Arts had been sent to jail for such an offence with students at Sheffield University. Admitting his sadistic tendencies, the man said that unemployment had "got him down." But supposing he had not been unemployed—supposing he had a job in a school using the cane or strap? There is no doubt that the retention of physical punishment in our schools provides a possible field for the activities of such degenerates.

It is significant that Nazi Germany's first educational "reform" was to reintroduce the cane and birch-rod. The first reform of liberated Germany was to burn them.

There can be no place for thrashing in a democratic education. The teacher's cane or tawse is no less degrading to the intelligence and individuality of the schoolboy or schoolgirl than were the S.S. whips and truncheons of Belsen and Dachau.

Let us copy the new Germany's example, and burn our canes!

Close up of a front line worker

WHEN JIM MASON'S alarm clock jerks into an infernal rattle at 5 a.m. every morning in his clean, trim little house at Coalville, Leicestershire, he jumps out of bed at once. He tries not to waken Mrs. Mason.

He has a quick and perfunctory wash—a concession to habit, for he will soon be dirty again—brews himself a cup of tea in the kitchen, cuts half a dozen bread-and-marmalade sandwiches, makes a neat parcel of them and, at 5.30 a.m., goes out into the crisp morning air.

Dawn in this mining town suggests a giant awakening from sleep. Lights are being switched on in upstairs rooms. From distant coal mines comes the faint clang of steel tubs bumping together as they run downwards on the track with their loads of coal. There are shrieks of railway whistles and the drone of colliery hooters.

I am interested in Jim Mason because he happens to be very important to me. On the work he does, and the skill and willingness with which he performs it, depends practically every detail of my private life—and yours.

Will we shiver in our homes this winter, or will there be enough coal for our domestic fires and enough to provide all the gas and electricity we need? Can industry open full out, and produce enough goods to regain for us our pre-war standard of living? Can we afford to sell enough goods abroad to buy the luxuries we all long for?

It depends, ultimately, on Jim Mason and about 700,000 more like him. As Hugh Gaitskell, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Fuel and Power, recently declared, the country's fortunes are in the miners' hands.

The estimated total coal production for 1946-1947 is 194,000,000 tons of which 188,000,000 will be used at home. Our stocks at the beginning of winter are expected to be eleven million tons—five million less than is necessary for safety.

In the meantime, we are turning down what Mr. Shinwell described as the "frantic appeals" of other countries that want to buy coal from us. We must refuse them, though we need their goods. Coal is more valuable than gold. It is the fulcrum on which is balanced our whole economic system.

I am interested in Jim Mason, then, not because there is anything special about him, but because, like thousands of other miners, he takes a pride in his work and, by his own attitude to it, is likely to attract some of the 30,000 recruits we need.

He knows, as many of the older miners know, that mining is a better game today than it ever was in the past. He is a living refutation of ideas which are over twenty years out of date.

The general conception of a miner is a man prematurely aged by hard work, bent-backed and weak-lunged, working forever in a subterranean twilight and an atmosphere of sudden death.

Yet Jim Mason, who is forty years old, looks scarcely more than thirty-two. His complexion is clear, his movements easy and agile. Having worked for twenty-five years down the mines, he knows that there has been a steady improvement in safety measures, wages and welfare—and in the public attitude towards what was for long, but has ceased to be, a forgotten industry.

At 5.30 a.m. he passes the slag heap, a man-made mountain silhouetted against the early morning sky, and swings into the colliery gates.

Already lorry loads of coal are being weighed on the scales outside a little office. The big wheel at the top of the pit-shaft is spinning ceaselessly as it brings the tubs of coal up from the workings below. This mine never sleeps. It works in three shifts, from 7 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., from 2.45 p.m. to 10.15 p.m. and from 10.30 p.m. to 6 a.m.

Jim is on the 7 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. shift. Why then, has he come so early?

Clothes Give Protection

He has plenty to do before getting down to the physical process of hacking the coal away. He goes to a locker room where clean civilian clothes are deposited and undresses down to the last item—even underwear becomes impregnated with coal dust down below. He goes through the pit-head baths next door, into the "dirty" clothes room where working clothes are stored in lockers, and gets dressed for work.

His clothes in themselves tell of some of the improvements in mining. His steel-tipped boots are a safety precaution against crushed toes; his fibre helmet is light but protective; leather-and-felt knee-caps make kneeling easier. He ties his trouser-ends with string to prevent their fluttering and catching in anything.

He smokes a cigarette, carefully stubs it out (a life-long habit which never deserts a miner), collects an electric hand-lamp from the storehouse, a few explosive charges in case he comes across a piece of coal face which can't be dealt with by the mechanical cutter, with a pick, or a wedge and hammer, and climbs the wooden stairway leading to the "cage."

Mason reaches the pit bottom. It's a longish walk before he actually reaches the coal face, that vertical wall of coal against which he must hack away, extending the floor and roof with what seems to me an architectural neatness.

We traverse nearly half a mile of "roads" which have been worked for coal and which now act as communicating passages. We pass conveyor belts carrying a continuous line of coal, stepping gingerly over the narrow tracks along which the steel "tubs" pass.

We can see the difference between the old roads, with their wooden and steel props and walls of coal and piled stone, which have been pressed into firmness by the subsidence that always follows an excavation. But the new roads are neat and firm, not unlike the underground tubes in London. When the subsidence has taken place, the road is given a good finish with steel and concrete.

Jim reaches the coal face, bending to get between props, climbing gingerly over a noisy affair called a "shaker," a long hollow container which moves backwards and forwards in a continuous series of jerks, keeping the coal inside moving by force of gravity. It is efficient, if slow, though supplanted by the more modern conveyor belts.

The mechanical cutter has bitten deep at floor level into the face on which Jim is working. He sees this with satisfaction.

"When I first started in mining twenty-five years ago, we had nothing like that," he tells me. "Instead, I'd lie on my back, hack away gradually at the bottom and squeeze myself underneath when I'd made sufficient space to work farther inside."

Old miners remember how that method often meant a nasty fall of coal when you were least expecting it. Now, mechanization is making it safer and quicker.

With a deft swing of the pick, Mason soon has the coal moving. Occasionally he'll pause to shovel some on to the shaker. Now he's gone far enough, and thinks it time to put in two wooden props.

It's Cool Down There

I notice that the temperature is comparatively cool. We're 1,000 feet down, and it is only about seventy-five. In some pits it can be ninety, which slows down a man's working capacity considerably.

It is worth noting, too, that although sometimes the coal appears to come away with a mere touch of the pick, at other times it's hard going. The surface can be so tough in places, or the coal so mixed with clay or earth that one man may put in more hard work getting a small quantity of coal than another whose output is spectacular.

Jim works steadily. He doesn't need to use his wedge and hammer, nor his explosives. And time flies. At 11 a.m. he stops to drink some tea sent down in the cage and eat his marmalade sandwiches. Then he carries on until 2.30 p.m., when he emerges from the cage begrimed but happy, having shifted sixteen tons of coal.

He hands in his lamp at the storehouse (an

5 a.m. breakfast for Jim . . . He sets off to work . . . and gets down to business . . . Lunch 'down under' . . . Handing in his lamp . . .

The eyes of Britain are on the miner. No longer the neglected child of industry, he's the most important worker today. His life has a new dignity. Here's a close-up of one of the men fighting our battle for coal

by DENNIS BARDENS

important place; they service lamps, making sure they're capable of eight hours continuous lighting), strips and packs away his dirty clothes, and goes under the hot showers. The baths are white-tiled and very clean, and most miners have their favourite cubicle.

"Some people," he says to me, "think mining a dirty job. But I reckon we're cleaner than many trades. I get six baths a week."

Unless his wife has gone to town for some shopping or an outing, Mason will go straight home for a meal, though eight-five per cent of the 1,100 miners at Whitwick Colliery eat at the canteen. For 1s. 2d. I had a meal of cabbage and potatoes and meat pudding, followed by stewed fruit—about twice the quantity I would have got for three times the price at the average restaurant.

Once home, Mason has a look at his chickens, prunes his rose bushes—he has won prizes for them at horticultural shows—studies football form in the local paper. Kerry, an affectionate dog which is partly blind through being buried by the flying bomb which killed Mrs. Mason's sister, sits at his feet. And he talks of his job, which, from being an insecure, hazardous and badly paid occupation has grown into a profession next to none, except perhaps agriculture, in importance.

Conditions Have Changed

"Most people have the wrong idea about mining," he says. "They think in terms which have long been out of date. When I started as a boy, I went straight down the mine, a thing which never happens now. A new boy is trained at a Government centre or technical school, and is taken all over the surface first. He gets a chance to see the job being done before he's asked to do it.

"In the old days, we were never sure of employment. We only worked three days a week from March to September, with five days a week in the winter. We used candles and bullseyes to see our way (he produced a "bullseye," a hand oil lamp with magnifying glass in front) but now we get reliable electric lamps. There were no pithead baths or canteens.

"The fact is that mining today is as good a job as any, and offers plenty of scope. A really good miner isn't simply a workman. He must know a little chemistry, geology and engineering. Besides, he has reason to be proud of his job. It's productive and a real help to the country."

Mason earns between £9 and £10 a week, so he is by no means badly paid for his work.

What happens when a man takes up mining today? He starts in a Government training centre, his lectures being interspersed by actual visits to a mine and instructional demonstrations. He is educated in hygiene, safety measures, and mining technique. They call it "on-the-job guidance."

"Our first job," Mr. Hall, the colliery manager told me, "is to convince them that all they've heard of mining is either inaccurate or incomplete; that it isn't as awful as they think, and a lot better than they dreamed. There is no bossing about here, from any quarter, and a man who's out to work gets a square deal from start to finish."

Education is Encouraged

During his first week a newcomer gets 4s. 6d. a day plus 1s. 4d. "war wage," and to start with probably helps round the sorting plant, or controlling tubs at the pit top. His day is from 7 a.m. until 2.30 p.m. with a twenty-minute interval, and his pay jumps 3d. a day every six months until he is sixteen, when rises for a similar period are 8d. a day.

At twenty-one his pay is 16s. 3d. a day plus 2s. 8d. war wage. Education is encouraged, and promising workmen can go to a technical school, the colliery paying their fees.

The morale at this pit is high. Jim Mason is no exception in doing the job because he likes it. Friendliness and comradeship are shown by the men and they take a real interest in the production figures and the consistent yearly increases from 333,738 tons in 1938 to 522,291 tons in 1945.

Absenteeism at Whitwick is only ten per cent, which is not much if one remembers that this includes all illnesses, accidents and unavoidable absenteeism caused by shortage of domestic help (for instance, a miner's wife ill and unable to get any help). There have been no serious accidents in the last twelve months.

And what about the men's health? Well, a football team composed entirely of ex-Commandos was thoroughly licked by the colliery team on their last visit, which suggests that physical fitness is not impossible in modern coal mining!

Talking to Jim Mason, and seeing where he works, I'm convinced that more workers would be attracted to mining if they had a better idea of the improvements which have been introduced; and if — equally important — the public would recognize that productive work of this sort is the most important of all manual work.

The coming months will be among the most vital in our industrial history; they will decide whether or not we are to make the grade to recovery.

I think that Jim Mason, and others like him, will win the battle, especially if we really get behind them, and let them know they have our appreciation and support.

He takes a hot shower . . . a little sun treatment . . . . and is back with his wife at 2.30 p.m.

As I way saying

RENOVATING THE "CLOSED SHOP"

by HERBERT HODGE

JOHN BULL's friendly philosopher suggests a simple way of dealing with "backsliders," and talks about trade union troubles in terms of today's new responsibilities

THE PRESENT TRADE UNION UPSETS—the unofficial strikes, the "closed shop" disputes, the "breakaway" unions—remind me of the old story about the man who first tasted roast pork.

It all happened a long time ago, of course—in ancient China. A man's house caught fire and was burned down. He and his family escaped, but their pig was not so lucky. They found the pig's charred body buried in the ruins.

They cautiously tasted some of it, and found it very good. Their neighbours tasted it, too. They also found it good. No one could remember ever tasting anything so delicious before.

But this great discovery brought no immediate benefit to humanity. In the years that followed, many a poor wretch was driven by his craving for roast pork to set fire to his house, and so rendered himself and his family homeless.

And (so the story goes) if it hadn't been for the fact that, hundreds of years later, some great genius, torn between his craving for roast pork and his equally strong desire to keep a roof over his head, finally discovered a method of roasting pork without setting his house on fire—if it hadn't been for that unknown genius, we'd probably still be burning down our homes to get our bit of roast pork today.

Trying the Hard Way

It's so like us, isn't it? Except, of course, that nowadays we dress up our pigs in little sailor suits, ship them to Bikini, drop an atom bomb on them, and find the result quite indigestible.

But the point about the roast-pork story is that whenever we human beings want something, we nearly always set about getting it in the hardest possible way.

Generation after generation of us try to batter our way, bullheaded, down all the nine hundred and ninety-nine hard ways, until some quiet soul sits down and points out the easy way. And then it looks so obvious that we can't understand why none of us ever thought of it before.

Now, there may be no simple and easy way to tackle our trade union problems. But there is obviously one right way, and several thousand wrong ways.

For instance, I believe that all workers in the same trade should be members of the same union.

"This problem will never be solved by some of us coming out . . ."

But I don't, on that account, hold with *compelling* a man to join a union.

The conscientious objector to trade unionism is, I think, entitled to the same respect as the conscientious objector to military service. Besides, if you can't persuade him to join your union of his own free will, he's no use to you.

However, the genuine conscientious objector to trade unionism is, nowadays, as rare as, if not rarer than, the conscientious objector to military service. The non-union man working in a union shop, today, is usually a backslider, a man dodging his duty to his fellow-workers.

But there's no need to call a strike because of *him*. A little moral suasion is all that's needed.

Moral suasion is completely peaceful and extremely powerful. It's rather like steam. You can start with enough to blow a penny whistle and steadily increase the pressure, if necessary, until you've got enough to drive an express train. It's also rather like those little drops of water that wear away rock. No backslider can resist this kind of persuasion for very long, when it's applied steadily and evenly, day after day, by his workmates.

The "breakaway" unionist presents a completely different problem. The kind of man who joins, and helps to form, a breakaway union is no backslider. He's an extremely energetic trade-unionist, as a rule. All the same, I think he's wrong.

Once the majority of workers in a trade have built up a union, it's the height of folly to start another one. However bad the old union may be, and however good the new union may seem, the practical result is always the same. You split your forces, your funds and energies are dissipated in fights among yourselves, and you are seldom able to present a united front. In short, you are easily divided and conquered.

The majority, in the old union, may be wrong. The minority, in the new union, may be right. But nothing useful can be done about it until the majority has been persuaded to alter its decision. Leaving the majority to stew in its own juice won't help matters. The only way to make them see your point of view is to stay inside the old union and keep on hammering your ideas home.

Of course, in some cases, the internal machinery of the old union is extremely old-fashioned. It requires a good deal of alteration to bring it into line with modern conditions. And those alterations are apt to be opposed by the officials in power.

Power in a trade union is no different from power anywhere else. It's apt to spoil the best of men. Once a man gets power, he wants to keep it, and he's inclined to oppose any alteration, however good, that may lessen his power.

Work from Inside

The great danger to a union is that this top crust of leadership may become so hard and impervious that nothing less than a violent explosion will make any impression on it—an explosion that not only cracks the top crust but shatters the whole organization. The unofficial strike and the breakaway union are obvious examples.

The only way to solve this problem, and hundreds of similar problems, is to work at them inside the present union framework. They'll certainly never be solved by some of us coming out and some of us staying in. That way leads only to confusion, disorder and defeat.

Besides, we trade unionists, today, have taken on a much bigger job than fighting to improve our wages and conditions. We've committed ourselves to a new system of production—a system in which the worker has to play an important part in the management.

We've accepted the responsibility of co-operating with those employers who agree to co-operate with us. The most important of those employers, today, is the State—the whole community.

Our trade unions, therefore, will have to become something much more than mere weapons for obtaining our rights. They will have to become organizations that help us to perform our duties.

In other words, it has become the responsibility of the trade union not only to make sure that wages are fair and conditions good, but to improve the work turned out.

All this calls for a tremendous reorganization of old-fashioned union machinery. It demands a new outlook, both in leadership and membership.

And, like that genius who discovered how to roast his pork without burning down his house, we've got to find a way of retaining our present hard-won trade union structure, while at the same time remoulding it to meet urgent modern needs.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

here and now

by ROFFE THOMPSON

ONE WAY IN WHICH the human animal differs from the four-footed is in his power to envisage a far better state of the world. To be able to frame a mental picture of better things has always been a big step up in evolution, and from the first dawn of intellect, men have indulged this power.

The Red Indian has his happy hunting-grounds to look forward to, the Oriental his perpetual state of bliss, the Westerns a heaven with gates of pearl and streets of gold.

Nearer our own times, we have not lacked men who have drawn enticing pictures of Utopias where misery, disease and want are things unknown, and where rich harvests, brotherly love and sunshine exist for ever.

This is all to the good *so long as the hope of better things to come is not made an excuse for leaving bad things to become worse now.*

Undoubtedly, in days gone by, the hope of "heavenly rewards" in some future existence was held out to excuse some shocking grinding of the faces of the poor. That time is past, but dangling future Utopias before tired eyes still goes on.

Why not make a big, united effort to make things better here and now? We can each begin in the little corner where we happen to live and work. We can make that little corner, at least, one bright spot on earth.

"Seems to be a camp coming down," said the Colonel. "Ah, well! It's a good sight, although I do say it myself"

The Colonel is Grateful

by R. WILKINSON

Cameron was a likeable chap — shy about talking of the way he saved the Colonel from certain death. But maybe his reticence was natural enough, when the Colonel thought it out

ILLUSTRATED BY SINDALL

SO DEEP WERE THE SHADOWS on the sun-blazed lawn that, for a moment, the Colonel could hardly be seen under the tree.

The visitor paused in the sunshine.

"Well?" barked the Colonel, his hands immobile on his stick.

The man stepped forward to the shade and looked down at the old man on the seat.

"My name's Cameron."

The fingers on the stick did not move. Blue eyes under lowered eyebrows peered at the stranger—indifferent yet intolerant. A bird rustled the leaves above and this was the only sound as the two men faced each other.

"Well?" asked the Colonel again, shrugging his shoulders slightly. "What is it?"

The man before him drew his tongue over his lips, swallowed and cleared his throat.

He spoke in a firm voice, but there was something tense about it.

"I once saved your life."

The man in the seat looked at the speaker; then bellowed across the lawn so that some frightened birds fluttered from among the leaves.

"*Johnson!*"

The veranda door opened. A black-clad figure strode speedily and smoothly over the short grass.

"Sir?"

"Bring a chair and—some drinks."

The figure bowed.

The stick was laid on the ground and, leaning back, the Colonel looked at Hugh Cameron.

"When?"

"In the blitz in nineteen-forty. I was running an ammunition truck outside London——"

Johnson was struggling at this moment through the veranda door with chair, card table, and tray.

"So you're the man," said the Colonel in a slower voice, gazing at his visitor. "*Johnson!* Hurry with these drinks, damme. I remember. Corporal you were, eh? I was a Home Guard commander then and you picked me up in a ditch. Correct?"

"And dodged the bombs all the way to Hospital——"

"— with your truck loaded with shells. Put the table here, Johnson. Yes, I remember. They put me through an operation that night. Soda?"

"Please. I had my ammo. to deliver. I couldn't wait. Were you all right?"

The old man studied the ground through the amber liquid in his glass.

"Could have been worse. Leg off."

Cameron's eyes joined the Colonel's in looking at his whisky. Neither spoke for a time till the elder cleared his throat. Cameron's eyes were still down.

"Sorry about that, sir——"

"Oh, most of us lost something in that lot. Can't complain, y'know. Get around all right. I asked the hospital authorities to find out the name of the lorry driver who picked me up that night, but you went straight off after delivering me."

He stood up and extended his hand.

"Let me thank you now, Cameron. I'm glad you came to see me."

CAMERON accepted the gesture shyly. He seemed rather backward about the whole business, as if he would be happier talking about something else. Everything about him was quiet—his clothes, his tall yet unobtrusive figure, his mild, brown eyes and his voice. Only once, at the beginning of the interview, had he raised his tone.

"Have another drink."

"Thank you, sir. I was posted abroad shortly after that—er—incident."

"Really? Egypt?"

"Yes. I've been demobbed for some months. Takes time to get used to it."

"Ah. It's a slow job, this demobilization. Army of occupation isn't very attractive. Got settled back in your job all right?"

"No, sir. I haven't. That's why I'm here." Cameron put down his tumbler and looked straight at the old man with level, frank eyes.

The old man leaned back and, pursing his lips, moved his glass idly between his fingers in a circular movement. Apart from his gratitude, he liked Cameron's appearance. Man after his own heart. Didn't waste words. Got to the point. And he was young. Looked intelligent, too.

The glass stopped twirling. "Bad luck. The old story, I expect. It was the same last time——"

"Yes. Of course, like the others, my firm had to guarantee to take me back, and they did——" He smiled cynically "— for a fortnight. As you say, sir, it was the old story—a man already in my job. They wouldn't discharge him when I came back to civvy street and—well, I was surplus. I suppose I could have kicked. But I couldn't stomach that."

The Colonel had taken his stick and was drawing vague figures on the ground at

his feet. "Yes," he said quietly, "I suppose it is." He was thinking and the younger man, sensing this, waited. The gentle scraping of the stick on the ground was the only sound. A blackbird above suddenly breaking into song seemed to recall the Colonel to his surroundings. He straightened up, placed one hand on his stick, plucked his white moustache and looked at the young man under heavy eyebrows.

"Cameron, I like the look of you, and, apart from the debt I owe, I would like to help. Do you know anything about gardening?"

"Very little, sir. I know how to keep a lawn in order and—well, a few elementary things——"

"And you can drive." The Colonel smiled very slightly, thinking of the ammunition truck. "Well, I can offer you a job. I need a chauffeur and handyman here. My last man went last week. Do you feel like it at—say—er five pounds a week?"

For the first time during the discussion, Hugh Cameron's eyes smiled.

"Thank you, sir. I'll be very glad to."

The old man rose stiffly.

"Very well, then. We'll say that's settled. When can you call again?"

The visitor reached for his hat and rose also.

"Any time, sir. How——"

"Tomorrow do?"

"Yes, sir—tomorrow. I'll——"

"Report to me at ten tomorrow morning. We can arrange for you to have MacDonald's old rooms. Married?"

Cameron smiled. "Only myself to shift, sir."

The Colonel laughed gruffly. "Good. Nothing complicated about your removal anyway."

SMOOTHLY, easily, the big car sped along the country road. Late summer sunshine, filtering through the leaves, ran over the roof of the vehicle like a moving chessboard pattern. The elegant, quiet hum from the engine permitted easy speech inside.

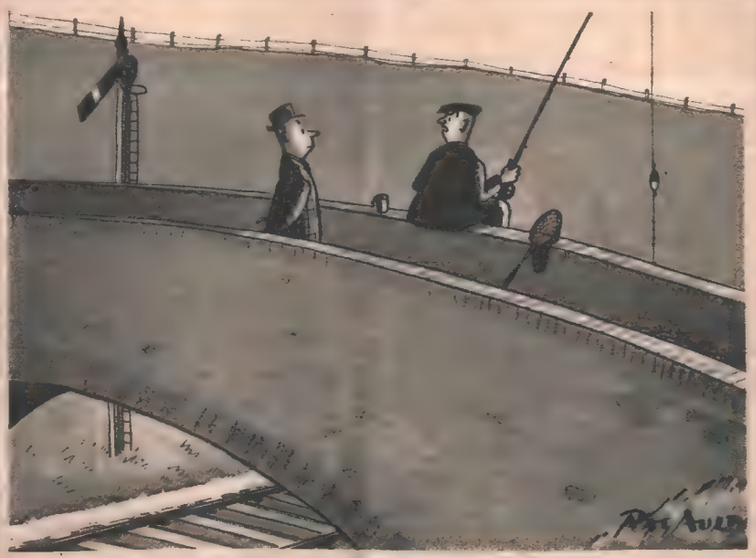
"Wonderful day, Cameron."

The driver kept his eyes on the twisting road. "Yes, sir. Grand."

A white farmhouse appeared and disappeared, some hayricks, then—open country again.

"Wonderful country—Kent. Used to spend a lot of time down here."

"Really, sir?" Cameron executed a smooth change of gear on approaching a hamlet. Some more skilful steering through a narrow lane occupied his attention for a time; then into the open—



"Certainly I know what I'm doing! There's a fish train due any moment now"

fields, hayricks, cows, hills, sky and the white road.

A stationary line of army lorries could be seen in the distance—one, two, three, four, five, six trucks. They drew nearer and Cameron slowed as they passed. Soldiers were loading the lorries. Some gazed idly at the passing limousine. There were more khaki-clad figures and vehicles over in the fields. The Colonel turned his head curiously.

"What are they up to?"

Cameron glanced over to where material was being loaded. He reduced speed to a mere crawl.

"Seem to be taking down something, sir."

"Mh. Just—just stop here a second."

The car stopped and both men silently watched the operations in the nearest field with an interest fostered by the war years. The lorries were being loaded with pieces of machinery of some kind, and an officer could be seen pointing to this and that.

"Ye—es," said the Colonel slowly, "Seems to be a camp coming down." He sighed, "Ah well! It's a good sight, although I do say it myself."

The engine started and the car moved off, gathering speed. The spire of a church could be seen at the top of a distant hill. White clouds on an azure sky surmounted a glorious English countryside. The car was climbing now—change gear—now on the crest. Down the other side of the slope into more sky and sunshine.

The limousine turned a wide bend at this part of the road. Then the Colonel said: "That part of the road where we stopped, Cameron—I have good reason to remember it. Something interesting once happened to me there."

"Really, sir?"

"Yes."

THE car hummed on. Cameron changed gears at the approach to another hill and when they were once more on the level, the Colonel ordered: "Stop the car here."

Slowly the chauffeur applied the brakes. The Colonel took out a cigarette.

"Cameron, what is your game?"

The driver looked at the driving wheel. The Colonel blew out some smoke and leaned back.

"You're no more the chap who rescued me that night of the blitz than I am a Dutchman. Now then, what's it all about?"

Cameron opened his mouth as if to speak, swallowed, cleared his throat, and when he did speak, his voice was tense.

"I—I needed the job. I've been in prison."

"What for?"

"Desertion."

"Military prison?"

"No—civil. The case was a bad one. My wife was ill for a long time and—I just stayed there, dodging the police. I got faked ration cards and identity card and as the months passed I—well, I took cold feet about going back and the time went on. That's why I got a stiff spell. I was out for a year and they gave me eight months, then I had to finish my Army time. I came out last week and—well, jobs are not so easy with a record."

"And where did you get the 'rescue in the blitz' business?"

"A mate I served with in Italy. He told me all about it. It was he who got you to hospital that night."

"Where is he now?"

"Killed by a mine."

The Colonel threw the end of his cigarette out of the window and continued to stare out of the windscreen. Another car hummed past.

"Drive on."

Cameron hesitated. "Well——" Then, realizing his order, switched on the engine and the car moved off. The distant church spire came closer to view until the village houses could be discerned huddled round its base.

"WHEN did you find out, sir?"

"I was suspicious from the beginning. I made up my mind fifteen minutes ago."

The car swerved slightly as Cameron started. The Colonel continued,

"The soldiers working in that field we passed were dissembling an ack-ack gun-site." He stopped for a moment to watch the driver's pale face. "And it was by that very roadside that I got laid out that night." He added a sarcastic note: "Remember?"

Nothing more was said for a time and a painful silence prevailed as they went through another village. An A.A. patrol man saluted smartly as they passed his motor cycle. The Colonel returned the compliment and looked at his watch. Cameron kept his eyes on the road, and in a husky voice, asked, "Where're we going, sir?"

"Do you like the job?"

"Yes, I——"

The Colonel felt for his cigarette case.

"Then stay, damn you. If you hadn't been an Army man I'd have seen you hung. Now get me into London by five and don't worry me."

with my feet up ★ *by Ian Fox*

Just lately I seem to have seen a great many people about carrying fishing rods. At the same time there has arrived one of those extraordinary pieces of literature from Hezekiah Shufflebeam, My Constant Reader, on the subject of fishing. I am publishing it for what it is worth, which anyone, fisherman or otherwise, can judge.

The Compleat Wangler

DEAR MR. FOX,—I am writing to you on the subject of fishing, hoping that you are interested in same. If not, perhaps I can get you interested. You will find it a type of exercise suited to you because it does not involve any effort like mountaineering or cross-country running.

With the sort of fishing I have in mind, all you have to do is to sit quite still and watch the float. It is on the same principle as those Indian yogis who sit for days on end contemplating their navels.

Sometimes you will be wakened with a jerk and think you have caught a very big fish. When this happens you will usually find that it is an old boot. But if you are lucky it will be a body, then you will get your name in the papers.

Fishermen are funny in some ways. They will wait all day by a river and come home quite happy with nothing. But they will grumble like mad at having to wait ten minutes in a fish queue although they know they will come home with plenty.

SOME men take a large basket with them when they go fishing. My advice to you is not to burden yourself with one. You won't need it. However, as you are the hopeful type, you might take a small jam jar.

There is another rather intricate type of fishing called fly fishing. Generally the fish are more fly than you are.

In fly fishing you have an imitation fly on the hook instead of a worm. You swing the line round your head and then flick the water with it. This is not much better than the ordinary way. It was invented chiefly to help men who do comic drawings and make film comedies, because the hook usually catches in the seat of your trousers.

It is also possible to fish in the sea. But it is not to be recommended, seasickness apart, because the fish are very big and will sieze the luckless angler's hook in their powerful jaws and swim rapidly for hundreds of miles through uncharted seas, thus making it very difficult to get home in

time for supper, or even breakfast.

Actually, I might tell you (in confidence, so as not to offend anglers) that you really get a better type of fish at the fishmonger's than by going fishing yourself.

For instance, you can catch things like gudgeon and minnows yourself, but you can't catch kippers. And for the benefit of you and other novices, I might say that you can't catch chips too. Yours sincerely,—HEZEKIAH SHUFFLEBEAM, Your Constant Reader.

AIR TAXIS

"Taxi, taxi"—the propellers whirl and another "fare" takes off to keep that important date. A boom has started for Britain's air taxis whose motto is: Any Job, Anywhere, Any Time

by GEOFFREY WILLIAMSON

All aboard! Passengers take their seats in an air taxi. They're bound for Belfast in a six-seater de Havilland

"HELLO! CAN YOU FLY ME from Penzance to Manchester right away?" — "I want to send some valuable carrier pigeons to France by air immediately."—"I've just missed the Geneva plane and three of my directors are stranded with me. Can you help us out?" — "Can you pick up an ambulance case in Hull and bring it to London at once, please? It's urgent!" — "My jockey's missed his train and he's due to ride in Doncaster this afternoon. Can you fly him?"

Messages like these are pouring into the offices of companies which specialize in aerial-taxi work—or private charter flying, to give it its more grandiose title. There is a big boom in this class of business, with new companies springing up every week. Before the war there were scarcely a dozen; today there are over fifty.

Some have started up in quite a small way, with perhaps only one or two light aeroplanes like Proctors or Falcons; but others have sizeable fleets, including de Havilland Dragons, Rapides, Doves, Liberators, Dakotas, Lancastrians and Yorks. Rates vary from as low as ninepence a mile to 17s. 6d. a mile, according to the type of machine in service. But quotations are given for special jobs; and some are very special indeed.

Freak Flights

Occasionally, news of freak flights gets into the Press. It did so not long ago when someone chartered a plane to take a whooping-cough patient up to 10,000 feet to obtain relief. But the charter companies do not think in terms of freak flights. Their motto is Any Job, Anywhere, Any Time.

They never know what kind of business each day will bring them, but they can always count on variety. I asked the commercial manager of one of the new undertakings to give me a note of three or four jobs, taken at random from one week's bookings. Here it is:

London to Bombay with a cargo of three tons of silver.

London to Southern Rhodesia for a business man.

London to Milan with a cargo of textiles.

London to New York for a business man.

Denmark to Nuremberg with milk.

While this list was being read out to me the telephone bell rang. It was a request from a Government department for a flight to Tokyo.

This, admittedly, was in the office of a company which claims to be one of the biggest in the charter business. But I have found things just as busy with the smaller concerns I have visited. The telephones are ringing and orders are being booked all the time.

Who are the air-minded people who are keeping the charter companies working overtime like this? There are always business executives who find flying a convenient means of keeping in touch with widespread interests.

A chartered plane may touch down on any suitable aerodrome provided the appropriate landing fee is paid, the only exception being when a flight is made from abroad. In that case the first landing must be at an aerodrome where Customs facilities exist. But once Customs have been cleared, the private flyer may go to an airfield near his destination.

It is quite common for invalids to travel by air today—not only for speed in cases of emergency, but because they find it far less fatiguing than a combined journey by car, train and boat. Several companies maintain specially equipped ambulance planes, fitted with heating apparatus, stretcher, pillow, blankets, medical necessities and accommodation for an accompanying nurse or doctor.

Ordinary travellers who have the misfortune to miss a connection or who may find themselves stranded for any reason often make use of a charter service. Thus, they may miss a boat train, but still be in time to catch the boat if they charter a plane. Or they may miss a boat and overtake it at its next port of call. With rates of 1s. or 1s. 6d. a mile for a light plane it is not prohibitively expensive.

Jockeys with an exceptionally full programme of engagements discovered the boon of the charter services before the war, and racegoers, too, step up their attendances by the same means.

Planes have been chartered to carry out aerial surveys, and by film producing units for location work or newspapers anxious to get a special correspondent to some distant spot.

In addition to all this varied passenger traffic, the volume of freight carried is increasing daily. The Bank of England has chartered planes to send gold to certain European countries. It provides its own courier and escort, but the carrying company has to be very circumspect in plotting out routes for such flights and in keeping them secret.

It sometimes happens that a ship may be hung up in a foreign port through the failure of one vital piece of mechanism. A cable brings a chartered plane to the rescue.

Medical supplies such as vaccines are often sent by special plane, and in the early days of bread rationing, when BUs were urgently needed in Leeds it was a chartered plane that took the coupons.

More Planes Wanted

But it is not all plain flying for charter companies. They have many difficulties and problems to face, not the least being a shortage of the kinds of aircraft they would like to acquire. Nearly every one of them is awaiting delivery of fresh machines, and until these are forthcoming they are obliged to curb their various development schemes.

Meanwhile, other growing pains are engaging the attention of the newly-formed British Air Charter Association, which is tackling such problems as the co-ordination of rates, the provision of a common code of operation, and the watching of members' interests generally.

One of the first decisions taken by members of the association was to confine over-water flights in single-engine planes to a distance of twenty-five miles. This just permits a Channel hop, and makes it possible for a small machine to reach the Channel Islands by crossing the Channel at the Straits and then flying down the French coast.

Some experts say that the new Civil Aviation Act hits the charter companies unfairly. It not only gives the three big subsidized corporations, British European Airways, British South American Airways and British Overseas Airways Corporation, a monopoly of certain regular services, but permits them to engage in charter business as well.

The charter companies, on the other hand, are precluded from running regular services, though many of them could do so if they were allowed.

Thus the corporations, using taxpayers' money, may poach on the charter companies' ground, but the companies can only enter the corporations' preserves under penalty, if convicted on indictment, of a fine of as much as £5,000 or two years' imprisonment, or both!

Heavy Landing Fees

The charter companies are hit hard, too, by heavy landing fees at the State-controlled aerodromes, for they are assessed on the same scale as the subsidized corporations. These fees have just gone up considerably—in some instances as much as 400 per cent! A light plane which formerly paid 3s. 9d. is now charged 10s. 6d., or 17s. 6d. if there is a hard runway. It may not need a hard runway, which is designed for heavy machines, but it has to pay just the same.

A de Havilland Rapide—a type much used for ambulance charters—was formerly assessed at 10s. Now the charges are £1 10s. and £2 10s.

All these things combine to affect the public by sending up running costs, and the Ministry is being pressed to revise these schedules.

Where a chartered plane, coming from abroad, is obliged to land at a Customs aerodrome before going on to its final destination, two landing fees must be paid, even though the first landing is made merely to comply with the law. It is expected that some allowance will be made here also.

Hangar accommodation is inadequate at most aerodromes, and is likely to get worse as the volume of traffic increases.

One solution that has been suggested for meeting some of these difficulties is that charter companies should combine to establish their own main airport as centrally as possible. No doubt this will come. One of the larger concerns, in fact, has already acquired an aerodrome near Guildford, fully equipped with night lighting and with its own maintenance workshops. What is possible for one should be possible for all.

But the experts say that it will have to be a united effort to provide all the amenities which tomorrow's flying public is certain to demand.

Free Speech

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

HE BUILT HIS OWN HOME

THE HOUSING SHORTAGE would be eased (though, of course, not cured) if the hundreds of thousands of handymen in the country got busy. Let me give you some facts.

At the beginning of July, despairing of the squalor of life in a couple of furnished rooms, my wife and I decided we would rather live in a shack, provided it was our own. We both disagreed with the idea of squatting, but on the outskirts of the town there was a tumbledown, discarded caravan. I bought it—together with a couple of years' lease of a quarter of an acre—for £5.

That was a framework. Since then I have spent all my spare time in collecting materials for building. Odd bits of wood, iron, old doors, window frames and stoves, can be picked up for a few shillings in the scrap yards. A man who really wants a temporary home can collect all he needs without a single priority docket. And a few coats of paint can turn a hovel into a home.

My wife and I, and our two-year-old son, are now installed, and we are happier than we have ever been. I am not a craftsman. I am a bank clerk with no money to waste. There is still time to build a watertight little home before winter. Two things are essential, though. A wife who is a "playmate," and initiative. — J. R. G., Bedfordshire. (Name and address enclosed.)

Middleman

UNDER A CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT you get a wide range of individual liberties, cut-throat commercial competition, poor-quality goods and gross profiteering.

With the Socialists in power, individual effort is completely discouraged and the liberties of the individual drown in a flood of bureaucratic control.

It is a pity we cannot find an "intermediate" government which would prevent profiteering and yet not make us all slaves of the State.—J. K. STUART, 4 Charlton House, Nursery Road, Huntingdon.

Museum Pieces

WHEN THE CITIES AND TOWNS of the future have been planned and built, I would like to see two or three streets of slums still standing as museum pieces. All their squalor and sordidness should be preserved so that our children's children can get a proper idea of the way in which their ancestors lived. — T. OLDERSHAW, 19 Hassop Street, Beswick, Manchester, 11.

Finger Tip

NOTHING MAKES A HOUSEWIFE SO self-conscious as having her hands ingrained with vegetable stains. I have solved the problem by rubbing my hands thoroughly in the paper in which margarine is wrapped. This leaves the skin as soft as if treated with the most expensive creams.—MRS. C. OGDEN, 5 Bourne Mansions, Green Lanes, London, N.13.

Beaten to the Beat

WHEN I WAS DEMOBILIZED in May after six years in the R.A.F., I applied to join the police force. I had been a civilian clerk in police offices previously. Three months have passed. I have had an intelligence test, have been measured and interviewed, and have filled in two forms each asking about sixty questions. On top of this I have been examined and X-rayed by my own doctor, at a cost of four guineas to me. But still nothing happens.

Compare the speed of entering the Forces during the war, when only a fortnight elapsed from the date of my volunteering to the date of my being passed O.K. No wonder the police are under strength.—WOULD-BE BOBBY, Lancashire. (Name and address enclosed.)

Human Touch

WHILE ON HOLIDAY recently I thought I would try my luck with a six-penny prize machine advertised as entirely automatic. There was some delay in delivering my prize when I won

"A head popped out"

and I banged the machine pretty vigorously until a head popped out of a small door. "Take it easy," said the head, "I'll put your prize through in a minute."—MRS. F. HILTON, 31 Farm Walk, Belfield, Rochdale, Lancs.

Foreign Complex

IS THERE ANYONE SO IRRITATING as the chap with the foreign complex? To him there are no film-makers like the French. He sniffs at any other music but Russian. As for painting, he prefers the obscure artists of any other country to the great ones of this. I often wonder how the foreign enthusiasts can bear to stay in Britain now that travel is freer. —CRITIC, Sheffield. (Name and address enclosed.)

Unkindest Cut

WHEN SOMEONE STARTS a movement for the abolition of British barbers, or "Operation Comb Out," I shall be one of the active members. For too long I have suffered from indiscriminate snipping.

During the war my head has been in the hands of hairdressers of most nationalities, so it is not without experience that I say our barbers are the worst in the world.—GEORGE R. WADE, 15 Wharf Road, Mill Beach, Maldon, Essex.

Price of Honesty

AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK, I missed my bus and had to walk two miles home. On the way, I picked up an envelope containing £30 in notes. The owner's name and address were on the envelope, so I set off an extra two miles to prevent any anxiety.

A smart maid answered the door and took a message to the lady of the house. Back came the answer: "Mrs. So-and-so is dining and cannot see you, but she thanks you for coming."

"Lady of the house," did I say?—MRS. E. A. R., Bristol. (Name and address enclosed.)

Plan for Work

THERE SHOULD BE a five-day week of forty working hours for all. The days should be "staggered" to give everyone an equal chance to meet essential needs.

Offices could work from Monday to Friday, but shops would have to keep open six full days a week. But each individual member of their staffs would work only five days. This would be a matter of internal arrangement.

Overtime should be abolished. P.A.Y.E. has killed it anyway. Likewise the Saturday half-day, which is annoying to employers and employees alike.

Additional staff, and the introduction where necessary of the shift system, would solve these problems. It was proved during the war that long hours do not necessarily increase production. Keen and happy workers who can look forward to two free days every week will produce as much in forty hours as discontented and indifferent workers will in forty-eight hours.—E. H. DE MATTOS, 44 Holmdale Road, London, N.W.6.

"Don't you think, Morton, we ought to get them a bee?"

This Rings a Bell

FOR THREE MONTHS I have been trying to buy a bicycle bell. I have failed. Yet everywhere I go I see posters telling

"Failed to buy a bell"

me to keep death off the roads. A bicycle bell would help.—ANN RAINBOW, Hanslope, Bucks.

Rubbish Heap

LAST WEEK I EMPTIED a utility mattress to wash the cover. I am sending you a sample of the contents. As you will see, there is one piece of iron two and a half inches long, one pin, three toffee papers, part of a potato crisp bag, one press stud, several dirty bits of wood, and a varied assortment of string, wire and cardboard.

Utility is a good name. They seem to have utilized anything handy.—MRS. M. H., Doncaster. (Name and address enclosed.)

Crocks

BREAKING A CUP NOWADAYS is as big a tragedy as losing a unique piece of china before the war. For weeks I have searched for cups without success. Yet in several towns I have seen remarkable displays of "ornaments" in the shape of chubby children with inhuman, nightmarish faces.

What a waste of time and material. Are these examples of "art" merely an outlet for their creators after so much austerity?—MRS. RONA SMITH, 40 Shielhiel Road, Carluke, Lanarkshire.

Very Tasty

MY HOSTESS WAS CALLED OUT to visit a sick daughter, and at supper time her husband asked me to make him a cup of cocoa. It was getting dark but I went to the sideboard, found the cocoa tin and made him a drink which he thoroughly enjoyed.

Next day, I was asked by the wife to make the gravy for lunch. I went for the browning—it was in that cocoa tin on the sideboard.—MRS. W. J. PIPER, Newtown Farm, Germoe, Marazion, Cornwall.

Washed Away

IN 1921, WHEN I WAS A YEAR OLD, I was given a frog made of green soap, which was brought from France in the first World War. I treasured this until 1937, and then it was handed over to a niece when she was a year old.

Alas, these are no days for sentiment. The soap has been taken from its little box and put in the boiler with the week's wash. Otherwise, no soap, no washing. —MRS. F. CLEMENT, 22 Bishopton Road, Grove Hill, Middlesbrough, Yorks.

NEW HOPE FOR A SICK WORLD

Is our civilization dying? Are we sick? ask the pessimists as they look at the world today. There's a reason —and a remedy—for this war-guilty mood of despair

says Dr. A. M. MEERLOO
former Chief of the Psychological Branch, Netherlands War Ministry

Dr. Meerloo, writer of this article, has made a specialized study of the effects of war on human beings

IS OURS A DYING CIVILIZATION? Are we sick? Are human beings more neurotic than ever before?

These questions are constantly being asked by a shocked and guilty world, castigating itself for producing a Hitler, a Buchenwald, an atomic bomb.

Every defeat and every victory tends to produce this same vague "end-of-the-world" thinking.

Both the vanquished—identifying their defeat with Armageddon—and the victorious, suffer from a deep emotional depression, inspired by guilt.

In primitive times, society had methods of ridding itself of this depressive, semi-suicidal mood. The primitive warrior passed through all kinds of purifying rites before he returned to normal life—freeing himself of his cannibalistic guilt.

The modern world today suffers from the same hangover, the same cannibalistic guilt.

But modern man does not believe in the same form of magic strategy. Even the Church cannot help him to cope with his feeling of guilt. As a result the mood is sustained—and he wonders: Are we sick? Is civilization dying?

In a truly historic sense, these questions are not proper questions. They express only the momentary pessimism, the guilty feelings of a war-torn world.

What has recently been happening in the world is not very new. Psychologists have long been aware of the existence of destructive human reactions. It is not particularly a symptom of twentieth-century decay when the human being loses his moral brakes.

Through all history we have seen periods of more stable and more unstable morals.

The unstable periods, and we have just passed through one, invariably prove anew that human beings have not advanced much farther than the Vandals. Hitler's gas chambers were not more cruel than the mass drownings of Fouché, during the French Revolution. Jew-burners at Belsen were not more evil than witch-burners of the Middle Ages.

It is therefore a mistake to speak of moral degeneration, or the death of civilization, when these primitive patterns of action come to the fore —for such reactions are latent, to varying degrees, in all human beings.

We tend to forget that the human animal has been on earth for more than 100,000 years—but that he has only demonstrated a trend towards civilization in the last 5,000 years. Only during 5 per cent of man's existence have we been practising civilized habits.

The layer is very thin indeed.

Looked at psychologically, it is miraculous that it has already been possible to form as peaceful and well-organized a community as we have had for many long years.

Why Man is Neurotic

Modern education has taught us how human instincts of destruction and aggression can be brought under control.

And in spite of bestial regressions—such as Hitler's systematic criminalization of the German people—man has proved that he is able to form a peaceful and stable community.

The best reason for this accomplishment is that man's need for love and protection so tremendously exceeds all other instinctive needs that he accepts, cost what it may, the difficult rules of the community. It costs him dear. Often—as a very result of his civilization—man is neurotic.

A neurosis is the result of conflict between the instincts and that suppression and sublimation which civilization requires. It is the toll we must pay to further humanization.

The human being is, therefore, an ambivalent animal with a love of culture and at the same time a hatred of civilization.

Man is neurotic—but he is not more neurotic today than he has been in the past.

Indeed, modern man—for all his show-window personality and cold superficiality—is mentally healthier and better adjusted to his environment than were his ancestors.

He is distressed because he has become more conscious of his inner turbulences, and he suffers under this partial consciousness. But it is happier and healthier to suffer consciously than to pay the inevitable toll of unconscious life-long frustration.

The Way Forward

Through modern man's very neurotic insights lies, paradoxically, the way forward.

Contemporary civilization—although more stable than the societies of the past—is complex, even chaotic. Earthly goods are divided unequally; therefore there is social struggle.

Men feel naked and undefended, so they hide in great cities for protection against fear and loneliness —and are cut off from natural development.

The overdevelopment of scientific technique puts dangerous powers in the hands of incompetents—automobiles in the hands of morons, atomic bombs in the hands of political adventurers.

Sports, films, dancing, sweets and sweethearts used in a mechanical and automatic fashion become drugs which offer man an artificial ecstasy and cheap intoxication to camouflage the emptiness of his life.

Even modern educational overtraining perverts him, because he receives knowledge without feeling, reason without decision. Man is still so unconscious of his own aims that any outside power—whether a Hitler or a newspaper columnist—can force his intellect into servile malpractice.

Such is civilization today—so thin a veneer over primitive man that it scarcely disguises him.

Can we cope with our own civilization?

Will our deep desire for stability, our growing consciousness of our own difficulties, succeed in resolving these many contradictions?

If men can be made to understand that society, with its rigid codes, is in its confused infancy rather than in the apex of its development; if they can be made to understand that the conflicts and contradictions of society can only be resolved by scientific long-range social planning—then we will succeed in maintaining what civilization we have—and drive onward to greater cultures.

Much depends on the future of the social scientists and their influence, for only they, in the end, will be able to present solutions. Only they will be able to give us real leadership, to outline clearer lines of policy and behaviour for men.

Today these social sciences are still in their Middle Ages. Their spokesmen are alchemists and sorcerers.

There is no unity of principle in the sciences of human behaviour.

Actually, our modern world is a big social laboratory where layman, politician, technician and diplomat experiment—but never in a scientific, objective way.

Wanted—a New Kind of Leader

We are desperately in need of social scientists today—instead of the atomic physicists who try to give social advice.

But the time is coming when there will be a united social science embracing economics, sociology and psychology. Only the common study of inter-human relations can give us an idea of how to cope with them.

The United Nations can be a leader in this field.

A scientific social board must be established—to lead the world into workable channels of peace.

We have many physical engineers at present. The future demands spiritual engineers who are allowed to build their own authority.

We need a new kind of leader, not selected by power and force, but by knowledge and personality.

We need bold social scientists who dare to be free intellectuals with original thoughts, who will not bend to authority.

How this authority will influence education, policy and social organization, and how it will try to tame human instincts, will be its own responsibility.

Even a hundred years ago there were limitless opportunities—political and geographical—for an adventurous society. But the frontiers of the world are almost completely charted today.

Today we have only theoretical adventures before us—the adventures of our problems, of systems, and planning in a geographically limited world.

Only the acceptance of responsibility can bring us forward.

The world, even with the half-primitive human being, presents tremendous spiritual challenges. We are not a dying civilization, but a struggling, growing civilization.

We must work to make it possible for mankind to become an intelligent master of its own history.

This is our highest cultural mission.

He brings good news..

Every Friday a telegram is dispatched from Long Acre to the latest *Bullets* First Prize winner. A reader who got one of those welcome messages recently was J. W. Booth, 55 Grosvenor Crescent, Louth, Lincs; he captured £300 in our 1,543rd Contest.

"Waving the telegram excitedly, my wife met me with the good news as I was cycling home from work," he told us. "After reading the message, we did an impromptu highland fling together!"

If you want to dance for joy at the news of winning £300 and a £20 Radio, be sure to enter the coupon from this page. And look out for next week's sensation—*Bullets* 34th Birthday First Prize of £1,000!

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,545

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus £20 Radio:

J. W. CONNOR, 37 Rowan Street, Leicester:

Everywhere—"Supporting" Strachey, *Flattened* Wheat.

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus £20 Radio: V. H. Goffen, 1 New Road, Reedham, Norwich: **Without A Home—Mighty Difficult Being "Neighbourly"!** THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus £20 Radio: J. Taylor, 18 The Common, Thornhill, Dewsbury: **Everywhere—"I Want—" "I Won't—."**

10 RADIO PRIZES value £20: B. Anthony, 7 Littlefield Road, Burnt Oak, Edgware: **The Worm Turned And—Leisurely Avoided Village Taxi!** W. L. Geall, 153 Everton Drive, Stanmore, Middlesex: **In The Crowd—He *Reared*, Dad's "Somebody."** P. Gee, 36 Astor Road, Burnage, Manchester 19: **Laughing At Father—Easy As Loving Him!** H. Good, 2 Cambria Street, Holyhead: **Tommy of Tomorrow—Spared Tommy-rot of Yesterday.** H. G. Hindle, 12 Moor Terrace, Undercliffe, Bradford: **Rang The Bell—"Magnetism," "Connections" and "Push."** F. Knighton, 33 Wellfield Road, Preston: **Laughing At Dad—Or Just Panting, Greyhound?** P. G. Poynter, Halcyon, Peel Common, Nr. Fareham: **Finished His Housework—Henpeck Starts Son's Homework!** Capt. T. Prentice, Elmleigh, Harlestone Road, Northampton: **Tommy of Tomorrow—Slanging Cook? Congratulating Chef!** G. B. Sheppard, 4 Branksome Road, Merton Park, S.W.19: **Everywhere—Much "Grab"—Little "Grip."** R. Watson, 33 Bridgend, Duns, Berwickshire: **Everywhere—Rumpus—Rum Peace!**

50 Prizes of £1 and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have been posted to winners.

"Bullets" RADIO CAMPAIGN—Final Week

Here is the final offer of prizes value over £650 in *Bullets* Radio Campaign; each chief winner will be invited to choose own radio, value up to £20, as detailed in *Bullets Bulletin*.

First Prize, £300 plus Radio; Second, £50 plus Radio; Third, £25 plus Radio; 10 Radio Prizes each value £20; 50 of £1; 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes, each with £20 opportunity. Prizes posted Wednesday, October 23.

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

This week's prize efforts show some winning styles; for further help, enclose *Bulletin* label below with your entry.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

PATH OF PEACE
FRITZ'S FUTURE
CHANCE FOR ALL
AUTUMN LEAVES
STRIKING
ARMY OF BUILDERS
BAD BUSINESS
HUMMING AND HAWING
IT'S A FREE COUNTRY, SO
AFTER ALL
VERY IMPORTANT PERSON
SLAVES
ONLY A RUMOUR
DAD'S DINNER
RACING AGAINST TIME

WONDERFUL DAY
OUR VILLAGE TEAM
STANDING THE RACKET
EARLY BIRD
WHAT THE LANDLORD SAID

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions

WON'T PLEASE .....
WHEREVER.....GOES
LEFT HER .....
DEMANDING .....
TOUCH OF .....
IF WE'D MORE .....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,549 (or XWORD 501); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Oct. 19 WITH GIANT "BULLETS" OFFER

362. BULLETIN AND GAZETTE. 19-10-46

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

1,549 Closing Postmark, MON., OCT. 7

I agree to rules and enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated October 26, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 497 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 2, Billow. 5, Din. 9, Snow. 10, Mules. 14, Denied. 15, Rod. DOWN: 1, Rooks. 3, Wax. 4, Fours. 6, Hound. 7, Curse. 8, Pen. 11, Horse. 12, Lord. 13, Hand.

THREE £100 SHARERS: E. J. Scarlett, 12 Kingsley Road, Norwich; J. C. Thompson, 64 Grimston Road, Radford, Nottingham; E. A. Urwin, 106 Broadway, Peterborough.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 16 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Fountain-pens in addition.

XWORD CASH AND PENS

Up to 50 Fountain-pens for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes value 10s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Pens—£100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Radio for Outright Winner.

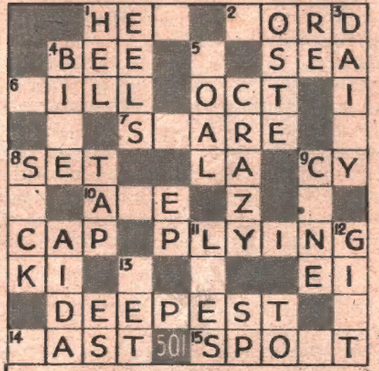
Post Square by Monday, Oct. 7.

Across Clues

1. Nice piece of lawn may be ruined by
2. Child will be pulled up if he trips over one
6. This may be added to get right amount
7. We expect most Germans will get this under rationing schemes
10. One changes one's expression with this
14. A hunter has to be able to do this when necessary
15. Whales are known by seamen to do so

Down Clues

3. Overworked housewife is indeed lucky to have such a help
4. It's easy to get wrong kind of this when on holiday in country
5. Poor tackle may possibly hinder getting of
8. Must be something of a shock to the person getting it
9. Selfish, greedy boy may ask for
11. Don't swallow these, if you can help it
12. This for decorating may turn out to be rather cheap
13. It isn't worth what you pay for it



How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

Entry-fee for this one Square (plus extra set of Answers on plain paper) is 6d. P.O. or stamps; if sending only Square with 6d., address and enclose *Gazette* Label on left WITHOUT affixing stamp.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., OCT. 7

No. **501**

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

.....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Child's Name

"MY WIFE HAD A CHILD before marriage and the name of the father appears on the birth certificate. I now want the child to bear my name. Is this possible? If so, what measures shall I have to take?"

JB Your best plan would be to adopt the child. This can be done by applying for an order to the magistrates or the county court. The clerk to either court will inform you regarding procedure. If an order is granted, an adoption certificate will be issued bearing your name, but the actual birth certificate cannot be altered.

Secondhand Goods

"A PAIR OF SECONDHAND field boots and trees, price four guineas, has been offered to me, but the firm requires nine clothing coupons for them. Is it legal to take coupons for secondhand clothes?"

JB Secondhand goods and reconditioned Service clothing require clothing coupons if sold above certain prices. The number demanded from you is correct.

Dishonest Lodger

"ON HOLIDAY, I HAD TO STAY several nights in a boarding-house where I shared a bedroom with another man. One night he decamped with my clothing and money. Can the landlord be held responsible?"

JB If you were staying at an inn, the innkeeper would be responsible for your loss. If it was an ordinary boarding-house where accommodation is booked in advance, the proprietor appears to have no responsibility.

Tax on Property

"AM I LIABLE FOR INCOME TAX (Schedule D) on a property let at 17s. 6d. a week on which I pay the rates? I am buying this property on a mortgage, and the money I receive from it does not cover my repayments to the building society."

JB Income tax on property is payable under Schedule A (not Schedule D), and your liability depends upon your total income from all sources. Repayments of mortgage are regarded as capital expenditure and cannot be treated as a reduction from the rents. But the interest on the loan (included in the repayments) is allowed by the income tax authorities.

Moneylending Business

"HOW MUCH MONEY must one have in order to start a money-lending business? What is the price of a licence? What is the interest usually charged to borrowers?"

JB A moneylender requires two licences, one from the local Justices and an excise licence. The latter costs £15. I am not aware that any definite amount of capital is required before licences are granted. Interest above forty-eight per cent is usually considered harsh and unconscionable by the courts.

Injured at Work

"MY HUSBAND WAS INJURED at work. The firm is paying him £2 a week compensation for thirteen weeks, after which they will pay £2 10s. a week. Is this right? His wages were £4 5s. a week. We have been told that he should be receiving two-thirds of his wages before the accident."

JB The compensation which your husband is receiving is correct provided you have no children. The amount he is getting is the maximum, and this must not exceed two-thirds of his wage before the accident.

Destitute Wife

"CAN A MAN BEQUEATH all his property to a friend and leave his wife practically destitute? I have been told that she can claim thirty-three per cent of the estate irrespective of how or when they separated?"

JB If the wife is left unprovided for and she is unable, through disability, to maintain herself, she may apply to court for maintenance out of her late husband's estate. Any claim must be made within six months of will being proved.

Rent by Post

"THE TENANT IN ONE of my houses has to send his rent by post owing to my living out of town. He deducts the cost of postage each month without my permission. Is he allowed to do this?"

JB No, the tenant is obliged to send the full amount of rent and should not deduct postage unless you have consented to his doing so.

Sub-letting House

"FOR SOME TIME I have sub-let part of my house to a relative. If I leave the district, will it be possible for my relative to take over the entire house? The landlord may object, but as I am the original tenant couldn't I continue to be responsible for the actual payment of the rent?"

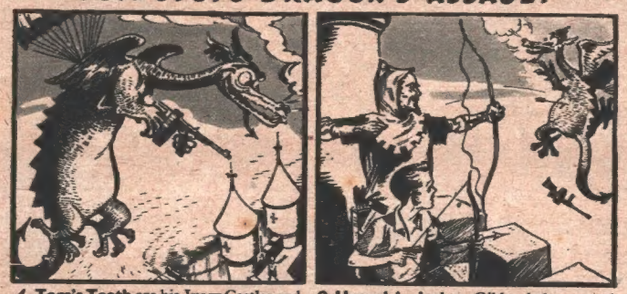
JB Your sub-tenant cannot take over entire house without the landlord's consent. If you remove, but still retain the tenancy, the landlord may apply for an order for possession on the grounds that you have other accommodation.

FREE FIRE INSURANCE FOR EVERY READER

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £1,000 free Fire Insurance as well as many other invaluable Household Benefits.

Readers not already registered or who have changed address or newsagent can obtain Registration forms from JOHN BULL's Insurance Department, 128 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

TOM STOPS DRAGON'S ASSAULT



1 **Tom's Teeth** are his Ivory Castles and Dragon Decay is always trying to break into them. He'll get in—if Tom doesn't clean away dirty food deposits twice-a-day. Where's Archer Gibbs?

2 **Hurrah!** Archer Gibbs helps guard Tom's Ivory Castles. Gibbs twice-a-day is the easy, quick, clean-tasting way to sound, sparkling teeth—*for everyone.* Not wasteful—outlasts toothpaste!

MOTHERS! Let these stories teach the children teeth care. You too will love the economical solid dentifrice— Gibbs DENTIFRICE

GD251-621 D. & W. GIBBS LIMITED, LONDON, E.C.4

INDUSTRIAL WORK WAS HARD ON HANDS

Hands soft and lovely are yours again for the asking when you use Glymiel Jelly. Simply smooth in a little Glymiel Jelly every night and whenever your hands have been in water. Almost at once, Glymiel Jelly banishes roughness, begins to beautify.

your hands can now regain their former loveliness

WITH

GLYMIEL JELLY

Available in Tubes or Jars

REMEMBER ALSO
Glymiel Healing Ointment Tablet, handy for the handbag, 6½d (inc. P.Tax)
Glymiel Medicated Jelly, non-greasy, healing and soothing, 10d (inc. P.Tax)

G.18

Is there anything more miserable than lying awake at night, tormented and tired out with coughing? If that's *your* trouble, tackle it straight away with Zubes Cough Mixture.

The time-honoured remedies in this tried and trusted mixture instantly soothe away exasperating throat-tickle—the cause of so much night coughing—and let you get some rest and peace. Ask your chemist for Zubes Cough Mixture today.

Prices 1/3d & 2/5d per bottle

ZUBES COUGH MIXTURE

This is the toothbrush that so many dentists themselves use—because of its correctly-shaped head (long or short), its clean-cut tufts, and its fine finish. In short, because SPA has every quality that a toothbrush should have.

John Freeman & Co., Ltd., "Spa" Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks. 46/6

MORNING AFTER MORNING

BILLIONS of BRISTLES silently steal away

Thanks to the SOFTENING SMOOTHING SOOTHING LATHER of

1/10½ & 3/- Including Tax

Phillips' Texture and Cleansing Creams containing Milk of Magnesia refine and beautify the skin. Limited supplies are available.

PHILLIPS' *Magnesia* CREAMS

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

RELIEF FROM INDIGESTION

THANKS TO MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

The wide popularity of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of its efficacy in relieving Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion.

Price 2/3 and 5/7½.
Also in Tablet Form 1/5 and 2/3 (Inc. Tax).

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and Tablets are only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

I prefer..

Nufix the quality hair dressing made from a base containing vegetable oil, unequalled for eliminating dryness of the scalp and hair. For a well-groomed appearance and healthy hair there's nothing like Nufix.

NUFIX

QUALITY DRESSING FOR THE HAIR

WALDEN & CO. (NUFIX) LTD., THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9

SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED

CHEST COLDS, SORE THROAT COUGHS & CATARRH

Cover the chest, back, and throat with THERMOGENE Medicated Wadding at the first indication of a cough or soreness. The soothing, healing warmth will relieve the congestion, ease the cough, and usually prevent the attack developing. Keep your feet warm by cutting insoles of the Wadding to wear in your shoes. Of all chemists, 1/3, and Family Size 3/-.

Relieve the Congestion with

THERMOGENE

Medicated Wadding

"The Warmth that Heals"

THERMOGENE VAPOUR RUB IS ALSO GOOD FOR COLDS

★ *QUICK HEALING*

LION OINTMENT, famous 99 years for its safe, clean healing powers. Keep it always handy for CUTS, BURNS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BOILS, CARBUNCLES, ECZEMA, even BAD LEGS. Brings the septic matter OUT, and stops the inflammation spreading.

From Chemists, 1/3 & 3/- *per box* 1/3

BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

CHARMING!

They just seem to CHARM away

HEADACHE

I don't know how it happens. All I know is that so soon as I get a headache I take a Beecham's Powder. Like magic the headache is "charmed away." The throbbing ceases, head-heaviness is dispelled and I'm as alert and clear minded as usual. Beecham's Powders are quickly absorbed therefore speedy in action.

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/4
Single Powders 2½d. each

BEECHAM'S POWDERS 2½D EACH

ACT LIKE MAGIC

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 3d. or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

WHAT BRIGHT COLOURS!

WASHED SAFELY TOO!

THAT'S THE BEST OF RINSO

For WOOLLENS—use Rinso, to make sure they're washed with speed and safety and so kept delightfully snug and soft.

For COLOUREDS — let Rinso wash them safely to dazzling brilliance.

For WHITES — see the dazzling whiteness Rinso gives without as much as boiling.

For ALL YOUR WASH—you'll find that Rinso gets much better results with safety, and saves you time and work!

RINSO is a No. 1 Soap Powder. 4d and 7½d packets

R 123-76

Selling Agents: HUDSON & KNIGHT LIMITED

For close-up charm

Attractive teeth are the secret of a charming smile. If you value your personal appearance, use Kolynos twice a day. Kolynos, the protective tooth paste, penetrating where the brush cannot reach, keeps your teeth sparkling-white.

From all Chemists & Stores.

KOLYNOS

REGD

Dental Cream